CANADA MONTHLY

EDITED BY SIDNEY R. COOK

THE NOVEMBER ISSUE

You are asked to subscribe your share of the fourth war loan amounting to probably $150,000,000. What security has the Dominion to offer you? In an article in next month's issue R. GOLDWIN SMITH will describe "The Resisting Power of Canadian Finances." He will show the relation between Canada's war debt and current liabilities and the public revenues, bank deposits, foreign trade and industrial and agricultural earning power.

"Fault has been found with the Government for allowing foreign families coming to Canada to settle together, instead of making them units in English-speaking districts. It has been claimed that these foreigners would refuse to blend, and would set up little Polands, Galicias and Russias. I have said something like this myself, but have lived to see the error of my ways." Thus Janey Canuck begins the fifth of her "Lord O' Land" sketches in the November issue, under the title, "Coming Canadians". She gives the reasons for her change in view point, and in her own interesting way gives some side lights on the lives of the Ruthenians.

"The Ashes of Susan," by Catharine Beverley Robertson, is the first short story by this author to appear in this magazine, although thousands of Canadians have read her work under a well-known non-de-plume. The "Ashes of Susan" will keep you interested to the end of the story, for these ashes caused considerable disturbance to a number of lives before they were safely disposed of. The story is illustrated by the well-known artist, Marion Long.

Other short stories in next month's issue are "What Happened in Harrison's Office," by George Hyde Preston, and "The Search for the Spring," by Eleanor Gates, the author of "The Plough-Woman," "The Biography of a Prairie Girl," etc.

Tom King will diagnose the latest political developments in the Dominion, and "Raggs" will bring her Pedlar's Pack jammed full of interesting wares.

Mrs. Costain and Dudley Ward will provide a further instalment of "Doings in Dingbat Land."

We believe that you will agree that the November issue is the best one we have published.

THE EDITOR.

CONTENTS FOR OCT., 1917

Cover Design ..... By CYRUS CUNEO

Keeping The Trenches Filled **301**
By ESTELLINE BENNETT. Illustrated from Photographs.

The Pedlar's Pack **305**
By "RAGGS". Illustrated from Photographs.

On The Trip Across **307**
By SHERMAN F. JOHNSON. (Short Story).

Bucolic Preferences **310**
By W. D. NESBIT. (Verse).

Fish—and The Facts **311**
By BRITTON B. COOKE. Illustrated from Photographs.

The Right Angle **314**
(Editorial Comment).

Politics and Politicians **316**
By TOM KING.

The Case at Evelyn Grange. (Part IV.) **318**
By E. W. GRANT. Illustrated by Marcel Olis.

Lord O' Land. IV. Woodland Fellows **322**
By JANEY CANUCK. Illustrated by Marcel Olis.

Lieutenant Trask's Stage Fright **326**
By HOMER SAINT-GAUDENS. (Short Story). Illustrated by John Edwin Jackson.

Current Events in Review **330**

Doings in Dingbat Land **338**
By IDA SPRAGGE COSTAIN. Illustrated by Dudley Ward.

Issued monthly. Price in Canada and in Great Britain, $1.00 a year, 10c a copy; in the United States, $1.50 a year, 20c a copy.

VANDERHOOF, SCOTT & COMPANY, LIMITED, Publishers, LONDON AND TORONTO

London: 388 Clarence Street. Toronto: Mail Building. New York City: 372 4th Avenue. Chicago: 1851 People's Gas Building.

HERBERT VANDERHOOF, President. *SIDNEY R. COOK, Treasurer.*

J. B. MONTGOMERY, Vice-President. *RICHARD G. TOBIN, Secretary.*

Entered in the Post Office at London, Ont., as second class matter. *Caution:* If date is not properly extended after each payment, notify publishers promptly. Instructions for renewal, discontinuance or change of address should be sent two weeks before the date they are to go into effect. Both new and old addresses must always be given in notifying us. *Discontinuance:* We find that many of our subscribers prefer not to have their subscriptions interrupted and their file broken in case they fail to remit before expiration. Nevertheless it is not assumed that continuous service is desired, but subscribers are expected to notify us with reasonable promptness to stop, if the paper is no longer required.

"A skin you love to touch"
painted by Neysa McMein
Copyrighted 1917 by The Andrew Jergens Co.

Given away — This beautiful picture for framing

Get it today from your druggist or at your toilet counter

THIS picture in exquisite colors and four times as large as shown here! Actual size 15 x 19 in. Reproduced on a fine quality antique paper by a special process which brings out exactly the beautiful colors of the original.

Painted by Neysa McMein, the popular artist, whose lovely women you see every month on the covers of your favorite magazines. This painting is her conception of "A skin you love to touch." Contains no printing or advertising of any kind. Get one while they last.

How to get it

Go to your dealer's today; buy a cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap, and he will give you without additional charge one of these beautiful pictures. Be sure to ask for it before the supply is gone. Offer is good only until October 5th.

The daily use of Woodbury's Facial Soap will bring to your skin the charm of "a skin you love to touch." There is a Woodbury treatment best suited to the needs of your skin. A booklet giving them all comes with every cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap.

Get a cake and your picture today and begin at once to get the benefit of your Woodbury treatment. A 25c cake is sufficient for a month or 6 weeks.

If your dealer cannot supply you send us 25c and we will send the picture and the soap direct. Address The Andrew Jergens Co., Ltd., 2129 Sherbrooke St., Perth, Ontario.

For sale by Canadian druggists from coast to coast

VOLUME TWENTY-TWO NUMBER 6

CANADA MONTHLY

LONDON OCTOBER 1917

Keeping the Trenches Filled

THE WORK OF THE BRITISH RECRUITING MISSION IN THE UNITED STATES

By Estelline Bennett

THE British marched south out of Canada, over the grass-grown boundary line, flung out the Union Jack beside the Stars and Stripes and a new page of international history was written.

For the first time in more than a century armed British soldiers walked the streets of American cities. For the first time in history the United States by a special act of Congress extended to another nation the courtesy of going into its territory and recruiting men for war service.

The British Mission headquarters under Brigadier General W. A. White of the British army, had been opened several weeks when Colonel John S. Dennis was appointed commanding officer of the western division with headquarters in Chicago, and the recruiting methods which had made it possible for Canada to silence the slogan, "Do your bit" by doing so much more, were taken across the border to call to the colors the half million Britons and Canadians of military age and physical fitness resident in the United States. Before the 23rd of August more than six thousand men had enlisted and been sent to the front.

The day the Chicago depot, in charge of Lieut. Col. F. C. Jamieson, was opened in the Marquette Building in Chicago, the staff was so deluged with applications that it was impossible to do more than distribute the papers to be filled out and returned later. Three contingents a week, averaging from twenty-five to fifty men, have been sent continuously ever since. But the real enthusiasm was taken over with the kilties. The 48th Highlanders marched through Boston, New York, and Chicago, their bagpipes wailing out patriotic and old Scotch airs, and conquered the country. Their plaids and the pipes, their brawny good looks, their wonderful record at Vimy Ridge, and even the sobriquet given them by the Boches—"ladies from hell"—fired the imagination of the whole country, and Britishers of military age, within

Signing-on. Men crowded the recruiting offices and fought to reach the recruiting sergeants

sight and sound of kilts and pipes, went forthwith and enlisted. It even had its effect upon American recruiting.

The week of the big allied recruiting rally in Chicago, when the Highlanders were the star attraction, the roll call of recruits jumped into the clouds and stayed. The number was so great that officers at headquarters were compelled to put signs on their doors: "One man at a time, please."

A grand parade marched down the boulevards and around the loop, past the reviewing stand on the terrace of the Art Institute—the Highlanders and their pipe band, the jackies from the Naval Training Station and their band under the direction of John Philip Sousa, miles of men in khaki, Red Cross nurses in their white garb, floats and patriotic societies—all saluting the reviewing officers on the terrace, while Ruth Law, circling overhead in her airplane, dipped low and gave a salute to the Highlanders as they passed. Officers in the reviewing stand were General W. A. White, Lieut. Col. John S. Dennis, Lieut. Col. F. C. Jamieson, Captain W. A. Moffett, commander of the Great Lakes Naval Training Station; Major F. R. Kenney, General Thos. H. Barry; and Major Ward Wright, Major H. E. Keown, Captain D. S. Thompson, and Captain Charles Dolphin of the British Recruiting Mission.

Every day during the week the kilties marched around the loop and went some where with their band. The peculiar, pleased whine of the bagpipes became as familiar as the noon whistles. But it never failed in its inspiration. Men of Great Britain, especially perhaps men of Scotland, heard the music and straightway went and set their American affairs in order. Time enough,

the bagpipes seemed to call, for civic and peaceful pursuits when the war is won.

The big rally at the Coliseum that week vied with the parade in the inspiration and enthusiasm with which it filled the whole city. And that night the Highlanders shared the glory with the men in khaki, the sailors and marines, and the vested choir of two hundred men and boys who opened the meeting marching in solemn processional the length of the huge building, up one side and then down the broad center aisle behind the crucifer with his great gilt cross singing, "Onward, Christian Soldiers."

The Church Federation of Chicago held a big meeting in the city's oldest church, the First Methodist. The pipers' band gave a concert in Garfield Park and the crowd was so great that it spilled out into the tributary boulevards and kept the entire force of park policemen busy untangling automobiles and people on foot.

The Highlanders were welcomed to the city on Monday, July 23rd, and escorted through the loop by a detail of four companies of sailors from the Great Lakes station, and their band. By noon, the British Recruiting Mission headquarters in the Marquette Building, and the three substations scattered through the loop, were crowded to the doors. Men fought for a chance to reach the recruiting sergeant; they rushed through the streets ahead of the crowd of spectators to reach the offices, a hundred of them fell in line behind the escort and began the first lap of their march to Berlin. One hundred men were received in that one day, and 81 marched out of the Mission that evening to entrain for Toronto.

These recruits were from various walks of life and countries, coming from many of the allied nationalities as well as the British and Canadian. That they were mostly men employed rather than from the vagrant population of the idle, was shown in the fact that the largest crowds of applicants came at the noon hour and on Saturday afternoon. The greater number were working men. Some came from considerable distances. Among these was the tall raw-boned Scotch bridge-builder who came in from Wyoming and attracted attention, as he sat in the long line of waiting men, by his white Stetson hat and the little tune he whistled softly to himself, "The Little Grey Home in the West."

"Homesick?" someone asked him.

"No."

"From the West?"

"No. From Glasgow."

"I thought from your hat and your music you were western."

"I've been out west for ten or twelve years."

And then little by little as the line moved toward the officer's door the Sctochman's heart warmed toward the western Irishman next him, and he told him.

"I'll tell you," he said a little shortly, "There was a girl—a Scotch girl, a singer, and she was visiting out in Wyoming where I was, and she sang that 'Little Grey Home in the West,' and she went down on the Luisitania. I've sort of taken that song for my own since then. I couldn't enlist before because I couldn't get to Canada. I'm going over now and build bridges so you fellows can march into Berlin."

Thomas Callahan, an Irishman of Belfast, veteran of the Indian wars in the Royal Irish Fusilliers, looked at his three motherless little girls, shook his head and went away to the Mission. When he came back, he told them he had enlisted and was going away to France but they would be taken care of. Pansy aged fourteen, cried a little—this mothering business was very hard, she thought—but Margaret's eyes shone. She was glad father was going, he was a brave man, and nothing would happen to them. And nothing has, for a woman who had given her son to the army, gathered them into her big Wisconsin home to care for them until Father comes back from the war.

Many applicants had slight physical defects which barred them and most of these came back a little later after visits to the dentist or the oculist, and were accepted.

A large percentage wanted to go into the Royal Flying Corps, only to find that the requirements for that service were the most exacting of any.

"What have been your tastes?" Captain Dolphin asked of the applicants. "Have you been fond of motor racing, of ski-jumping, all the daredevil sports? Because if you haven't, you never would qualify for the Royal Flying Corps."

Of all enlistments eighty-five per cent., exclusive of those for the Royal Flying Corps, are for the Canadian Army, which is better paid than any other except that of the United Stated.

A large share of the success of the work, particularly in the western division, has been the highly organized civilian committees cooperating with the Mission in every city where British officers have gone to recruit. Colonel Dennis' penchant for efficient organization was demonstrated immediately upon his taking command. Simultaneously with the opening of the British

Brig. Gen. W. A. White of the British Recruiting Mission with Brig. Gen. Thomas A. Barry, Central Division, U.S.A., on the reviewing stand during the great military parade in Chicago, July 26th

Mission doors, he set about the organization of the Chicago British Committee on Allied Recruiting, composed of representative Canadians and Britons of Chicago. "It is only with the cooperation of every Briton and Canadian through an efficient civilian committee, that we can accomplish all we wish," he said, and sent out a summons to fifty men of affairs, including such men as Stamford A. White, who was made president of the committee; Martin J. Insull, president of the Midwest Public Utilities Company, who was made executive chairman; Thomas E. Wilson, president of the Wilson Packing Co.; John Clay of the firm of Clay-Robinson and Co., Live Stock Commission; and Archibald E. Freer, who has contributed generously to the Western Relief Fund ever since its organization two years ago.

After the Kilties were gone and the pipes were still and the cheering was done, and the grind of organized effort must begin without the inspiration of the soldiers, the Chicago British Committee took council with Colonel Dennis. While the new depots in Minneapolis, St. Paul, Duluth, Kansas City, and the west were getting under way, there must be no falling off in the effort of Chicago. The committee was reorganized, D. H. Grant, chief of the Scottish Clans was made executive secretary and the real business of recruiting was begun.

Lieut. Col. John S. Dennis, commanding the western division, British Recruiting Mission, who in civil life is Chief Commissioner of the Canadian Pacific Railway

A comprehensive publicity campaign among the British societies was begun. Meetings in all parts of the city—as many as seven and eight a day—were scheduled. Four minute men were put on in the principal theatres, noon meetings in big industrial plants were arranged. Everywhere a piper is the signal for British Recruiting.

Under the direction of Lieutenant-Colonel F. C. Jamieson, in charge of the Chicago depot of the Mission, recruiting teams were put into the field to cover the country within a hundred mile radius of Chicago. The first team under Ex-Chief Gunner K. R. White went into Wisconsin—even to Milwaukee, the first German city in the country. They met with big success in the few days they were there. The route of this team covered much of Wisconsin, Illinois and Iowa. A couple of weeks later, a second team was sent on an automobile tour to Joliet, La Salle, Peoria. The result of this work is at once noticeable, as scores of workmen including many miners, come in from these districts. Since the order by the United States war department forbidding the acceptance of friendly aliens,

Soldiers and sailors of the United States walking shoulder to shoulder with the Kilties stirred American hearts as nothing else in many a day

One hundred recruits were received the first day of the Kilties' raid, and eighty-one marched out that evening to entrain for Toronto,—accompanied to the railway station by wives and sweethearts and led by the pipe band of the 48th Highlanders

many Poles, Bohemians and Russians unable to join their own armies, have come to the British Recruiting Mission. The Poles were among the most eager volunteers for the United States army before the order from the war department, and since then, have been coming to the British headquarters in numbers.

In Chicago, as in other cities of the western division, Colonel Dennis' plan for a systematic personal appeal to every Briton and Canadian of military age and physical fitness, is being carried out by the citizen's committees. In Spokane, Minneapolis and St. Paul and Chicago, as well as in New York, lists of Canadians are being compiled from the national registration lists furnished by the government. This method of combing out every available man and concentrating upon the personal individual appeal has produced astounding results.

Not the least important asset in the work of the Mission is the Western Relief Fund organized on lines similar to the Canadian Patriotic Fund to assist soldiers' families in Wisconsin, Illinois, Indiana and Iowa. Another fund called the Northwestern Relief Fund has headquarters in Minneapolis, where it has been one of the great factors in the good success of the recruiting there. Enlisted men making applications are referred directly to the offices of the Fund and arrangements are completed before the men leave for Canada. There is no red tape and little delay. And in spite of the new call upon its resources as British recruiting figures in this district jump up, its funds have so far been adequate to the needs.

Another factor that has played a part in winning recruits is the knowledge that they will be overseas before the end of the year. The fact of active service not months but merely weeks away, is a call to arms that cannot be denied. Eighty-five per cent. of the enlistments have been for the Canadian army because of the better pay, although the Royal Flying Corps has been a great attraction and has drawn many volunteers.

Since the conscription act in Canada, making Canadians as well as Britons subject to draft in the United States, by agreement with the United States government, the work of the mission which depended for its record upon the voluntary enlistment of the thousands of Loyal British subjects who could not afford the expense of a trip to Canada where they might be rejected for physical reasons, will be ended. But it may be that the work of recruiting the British subjects in the United States will prove to be after all when this year's history is written not the greatest part of the work of the mission.

"The most vidid picture I saw in the United States," said a Toronto man who had followed the call of the piper from Toronto through Boston, New York, Chicago, and home again, "is one I saw one day in Chicago. A larger number of recruits than usual was leaving the headquarters in the Marquette Building for the railroad station on their way to Canada and the front. They had marched out on to Adams Street, most of them with women prolonging their farewells. They were in mufti and might have been American citizens. In the background was Chicago's big domed Federal building. The crowd around was so great that a few policemen were urging onlookers gently out of the way. All that was very American. But in front of the recruits was the Kiltie's band. And directly in front of the insistent crowd, a private soldier in kilts—the very British uniform—drew himself up with his bayonetted gun at correct position and held the crowd away. Nothing could have been more typically British if it had been in Trafalgar Square instead of on Adams Street in front of the Federal building. Great Britain has stepped into her place in the United States."

"EUGENE," the poet-boy in "Candida," said: "Poet's talk to themselves out loud; and the world overhears them."

If we all "talked to ourselves out loud," how wonderfully real we would be to our familiars! Have you noticed how rarely it is that we humans talk as sincerely and unreservedly to others, as we do to ourselves? It's cowardice that does it: we're afraid that the other fellow may laugh at our strivings after big things, at our love for the precious little things. So we give of our thoughts with a niggardly hand. We don't love our fellowman enough to give *ourselves*, no matter how much he may need our understanding and sympathy.

Hamlet's famous soliloquy is the most convincing thing in the whole drama. He is not talking with the idea of conveying more-or-less subtle ideas to misunderstanding or unsympathetic souls: he is communing with his own soul. The modern dramatist scorns soliloquy on the stage, much as we scorn it in "real life." Shakespeare knew that no expression is so positive, so convincing, as when the character "thinks aloud."

Have you ever noticed in reading a poem—or perhaps an essay or play—that the writer expresses something that you have thought for a long time, but have never put into words? Not that you hadn't the words to say it; but that you have, since losing the blessed naturalness of childhood, acquired the wretched habit of "small talk." Has it ever occurred to you that if instead of chatting among your friends about matters which will be of no moment to-morrow—in words that conceal instead of revealing your real thoughts—you might express ideas that would be as helpful, perhaps even as inspiring as the thoughts of these writers are to the world? Your sincerity and lack of reserve might even cause *them* to be as unreserved, to unburden their hearts of sorrow: for there are many, many of us who are "weary with dragging the crosses too heavy for mortals to bear."

"Language is the flower of thought." Why should we cultivate the "small talk" weeds for the world's garden? Why should we refuse to permit the flower to blossom? If we do refuse, the flower will be choked by the weeds: the perfume that might bring sweetness to the garden will be missing.

We need the flowers—all of us—very sorely, in these sad days. Let us pull out the weeds and burn them before the altar of Human Sympathy!

Let us all be poets. Let us "talk to ourselves out loud." Christ did it, for He was unafraid! And He loved enough to give Himself.

Miss Isabel Ecclestone Mackay. The author of "Up The Hill and Over." Many of her stories have appeared in Canada Monthly

Someone sent me a book the other day. She wrote: "Dear Pedlar-Ragge—here is a tale after your own heart." On the title page I read:

"The road runs back, and the road runs on,
But the air has a scent of clover,
And another day brings another dawn,
When we're up the hill and over"—

When we're up the hill and over."—

And I knew that she was right! So I left the cottage far behind; tramped to a shady wood, sat down under a clump of birches; and abandoned myself to the joy of strolling away in my dreams, to meet the dreams of a writer who had found a little world of her own.

The strange thing about the book was this: although I felt—like the splendid hero—that I had "stumbled into a dream town, and must walk carefully lest I stumble out," it was a town that I had dreamed before—a lovable little Canadian town, full of real people who assuredly lived before the book began, and seemed to go on living when the last page was done. I, the Pedlar, felt that some day, soon, I would walk down the sunny street of the town of Coombe, and perhaps meet dear little "mad Aunt Amy" who always talked of the loved dead "as if they were in the next room." We would exchange sympathetic confidences, I know; for I am prone to that "madness," too. And I would see in the flesh, those happy lovers whom I first met, when they were in "the going-to-be-in-love-presently state—which is Heavenly."

Read "Up the Hill and Over" by Isabel Ecclestone Mackay. It is published by McClelland, Goodchild and Stewart. I only hope that you will love it as much as I do!

The snap-shot on the next page of Miss Percy Haswell—"the sweetest actress in America"—shows that dainty lady in pursuit of the destructive 'tater bug! Like many of her profession, Miss Haswell is "cultivating the land" this Summer. She writes scarce-believable tales of labors among corn, beans, peas, turnips and potatoes. Did I say "potatoes"? She writes me, "I have a whole acre in 'taters! I would have you know that I am a Potatriot!"

My memory of Miss Haswell's beautiful home at Sconset, Mass., is a

dream of shady verandahs, thrilling sails, country tramps, and swims in the breakers. But that was before the war, before Potatriots were in demand. This beloved actress has an ocean—the Atlantic—at her front door; and the

Rupert Brooke, whose poems are as beautiful as his life, as inspiring as his death

sun rises out of the sea for her, every fine morning!

Miss Haswell is one of the most popular women on the American stage—and has been, since she made her debut as a sweet golden-haired girl of sixteen, with the famous Daly Stock Company in New York; following Ada Rehan as leading-woman shortly afterwards. Audiences love her. Fellow-actors adore her. She was born in the Sunny South, of English parentage. Her mother was a Percy—which accounts for the boyish Christan name that puzzles so many people. She has the fascination of the typical Southern girl, and all the "fineness" of the English gentlewoman.

My acquaintance with Brenda Macrae began most auspiciously. You see, I began by telling her this story:—There was once a very little girl who liked to go to church. Of course she realized that there were reasons both for and against this religious exercise. For instance, she disapproved strongly of white starched dresses and pink sashes; (she was that kind of little girl); but she liked to sit in the high family pew, with her little legs sticking out before her, and imagine things! The most fascinating imagining of all had to do with the big stained-glass window, on which were thousands of stylish angels—she knew there were thousands, for they reached right out of sight—and they all had musical instruments in their hands. The harps didn't interest her very much—she's heard a harp—but there were many lady-angels, with golden hair, who were all just on the point of blowing on *trumpets* of purple and blue and crimson glass; and, when the sun shone through the great window, the little girl could almost hear the wonderful purple and blue and crimson crystal notes of their Heavenly symphony. Almost—but not quite—and, even when she grew up, she never quite "gave over" her wonder of these many-colored trumpets, what they would really sound like if the angels got down to business!

One day, after many years, she found out. The little girl had grown up into a musical critic; and her New York paper had sent her to hear the Russian Symphony Orchestra. After a little time of beautiful music from the orchestra, a tall, lovely girl came forward to sing a solo.

Then suddenly, the musical critic became a little girl again, a little girl in a stiff white dress, and a wide pink sash; the sun was streaming through a great stained-glass window; and the angels with the trumpets were there, too—but with a difference—they were trumpeting in all the glory of purple and blue and crimson crystal notes, just as the little girl had always known they would—and, somehow, there were words, too:

"The year's at the Spring:
The day's at the morn:
Morning's at seven:
The hillside's dew-pearled:
The lark's on the wing:
The snail's on the thorn:
God's in His Heaven:
All's right with the world!"

"Why, of course," gasped the rejuvenated musical critic: "I might have had the sense to know, all along, that it would be exactly like that—purple and blue and crimson crystal notes, and "God's in His Heaven: all's right with the world!"

Miss Percy Haswell working in her war garden at Siasconset, Mass.

When the concert was over, she interviewed the soloist: and the interview—the first part of it—consisted in telling her this tale of the little girl and the angels. Then she—who was Brenda Macrae—told the musical critic—who was your pedlar-friend the story of her work and ambition; and as she is a Canadian girl who has done big things musically, is doing bigger things every day, and will yet do the biggest of all, Canadians will perhaps be interested in hearing something of her, and her work.

Brenda Macrae. A Canadian girl who has made a name for herself in the musical world

Perhaps we had better, "right here at the start, and before we begin," as Mrs. Jarley said: blot out with a tear, the one disgraceful fact of Brenda Macrae's career:—she studied in Germany! However, she was a mere child at the time, and loathed the Germans: so let us forget it, and begin again. Six years ago, Miss Macrae came back from—that place, and went to New York, to study with the famous Hattie Clapper Morris. First of all, she went, with a horde of others, to try for a position as soloist at a big New York church. She was chosen, and her salary covered her living expenses in a dear little apartment with another Toronto girl-student.

One Sunday, at this church, the president of the Professional Women's League heard her sing, introduced herself after the service, and arranged a recital under the league's patronage. Then the famous Gamut Club, asked her to sing for them—a great honor, as those who know this club of great artists will realize—and they made her a member of the club. Then concert engagements came, thick and fast. Another singer said to Miss Macrae: "They're handing you fame on a gold platter! Did you bring your luck from Canada?" (Perhaps the American girl was not far wrong, for Brenda Macrae was full of that Canadian *pluck* that spells "luck" so often, to those who don't understand it!)

Three years ago, Brenda Macrae

(Continued on page 345.

On the Trip Across

By Sherman F. Johnson

HOW I came to be sailing for Europe with the parson ain't got anything to do with the story. Perhaps you wouldn't have picked me out first guess as the running mate for a D.D. There I was, just the same, and, as we always had before, we got along bully. Not like twins; but twins, I judge, would be poor traveling companions on a long trip. I'd just settled down after shaking day-day to the last of the friends that seen us off, and had located myself on the tip of my spine and the top of my shoulders, which is the most comfortable position to read in. I was just going to begin an article on "The Graft Among Janitors" when I seen she had sat down close by.

I ain't led up very graceful to the lady, but I'll try to put you next to who she was, so far as I knew at the time. She had the kind of face you'd pick out in a crowd and study. She wasn't what you'd call an out-and-out beauty, but she had black hair, and a big lot of it, and black eyes that looked, because of the black eyebrows sort of sliding up, or down, as if she was frowning. But her mouth and the eyes themselves showed she wasn't. They was big eyes and all sorts of things was going on in back of them; you could see that.

I don't think the parson had noticed her at all, he was so busy saying goodby to the ladies who had come to see him off. She had her goodbyers, too, and one of 'em give her a bunch of big red roses tied with a whopping big ribbon. She had the roses on her arm as she sat there in the steamer chair looking back at little old New York. She was looking hard, and blinking her pretty eyes, as if she could see her crowd back on the pier, which she couldn't.

Then she sort of started, as if she was thinking there wasn't any game in looking backward all the voyage, and the start jerked the roses out of her arm on to the deck. She tried to pick 'em up and the parson done the same, and there was almost a head-on collision, and he smiled his regulation parson smile.

"Allow me," says he.

"Oh, thank you," she says, shooting a smile in his direction. If she had aimed at me, she'd have scored, her eyes being that kind.

"They are very beautiful," says the parson.

I thought at first he meant her eyes.

"Aren't they?" says she.

Then I knew it was the roses.

"I hope they won't wither till we get across," she says, "they smell so lovely. Somehow, they remind me of the subway, they're so cool and damp, and, though the subway's horrid, it's land."

"You're not a sailor, then," says he.

"I'm not afraid, or anything like that, only the ocean makes me feel lost," she says, and then she gazes back toward New York, and neither said any more.

A trip across the ocean is long or short, according to what's doing. For my part I missed the telegraph poles, which on a train you can count when nothing else is left to do. The parson didn't seem to feel that way; no more did the young lady. I don't know what move number two was, not having been there when it happened, but the next morning when I came out on deck, there was the parson and her walking up and down real sociable, with plenty to say on both sides.

An elderly party, who appeared to be a sort of umpire to see the young lady got fair play, wasn't in the way at all. She seemed to have a partiality for a chair and a novel, which she read careful, as if she was learning it by heart. The young lady done some reading, too, but not like the elderly party, who dived in early in the morning and only come up to feed. I smoked a good deal and when the parson and her was together I generally was sort of in the suburbs. And I liked to hear 'em talk. Not that I was on to all the curves, but I ain't one of them who thinks because you don't understand everything that's said it ain't worth hearing. The night aboard ship had made her feel better about being away from land. She looked out at the water without seeming to feel so lost.

"It's good to get away from people and from one's work, after all," she says. "I'm beginning to wish the voyage would be longer. It's so free," she says.

"James," says the parson to me, later, "what do you suppose her work is? Is she a settlement worker?" says he.

"Why don't you ask her?" says I.

"Well, she ain't asked me who I am or what I am. When I got into this business suit before coming aboard this steamer," he says, "I done it to forget myself, who I am, what I am; and let the cobwebs get blown out of a tired ecclesiastical brain," he says, as near as I can remember the words he used. "When my name went down on the passenger list as 'J. A. Gray' I felt that I had shed my clerical personality, and that for the next six days I was just J. A. Gray, and not the Rev. Joseph Ames Gray. I didn't care to be identified with the Rev. Joseph Ames. Perhaps she feels the same way about herself," he says, "and I certainly shall respect her desire."

Not being particularly prying into other people's affairs—at least not since the time when my curiosity into the affairs of the parson's house brought

"The young lady came and stood by the rail, gazing out to sea"

him and me together that night a year ago. I was willing to let things go as the parson wished. But, for all that, I found out who the young lady was, not meaning to, either.

I was sitting on deck that evening and the parson was in his stateroom. The young lady come and stood by the rail gazing out to sea, the elderly party who I mentioned already joined her.

"Suzanne," says the elderly party, "I don't wish to criticise, and I know you are an awful quick reader," she says, "but there's only three more days of the trip. I know you wasn't up in your part before we sailed. Do you know it much better now?"

"Oh, I'm tired of parts," says the young lady, pouting. (I could hear her pout if I couldn't see her). "I wish I never had to go into a theater again."

I could tell by the rustle that that speech made the elderly party sit up.

"Why, Suzanne," she says, quite scared, "what has that man been saying?"

"He hasn't been saying anything. That is," she says, because anyone, elderly party included, had seen him say a number of things, "nothing about my work. Why, he doesn't even know who I am. I only mean it's so delightful just sailing and sailing"—by which she meant steaming and steaming—"that I'd just like to keep on doing it and never see the inside of a theater again," she says.

"You ain't," says the elderly party, "going to fall in love with that man, are you? My dear, how many times have I warned you against marrying outside the profession, if you have to marry at all, which hurts your art awful," she says.

"Love! good gracious! I'm not going to fall in love with anybody," says Suzanne, and by the way she laughed I believed her, and I guess the elderly party did, too, 'cause she settled back in her chair with a satisfied kind of grunt. Then they talked lower, and I didn't hear anything but a word here and there.

But that name "Suzanne" set me thinking. I knew I'd seen it before.

Then all of a sudden I remembered and I went below and hunted up th magazine I'd been reading when we began the trip.

I found it all right. It told about her successful season in New York, and how she was going to London to give a new show.

So she was here! I was going to tell the parson right off, and then I thought it over a bit and decided I wouldn't.

"I guess I'll lay low and let him get wise himself," I thought.

But the parson stuck to his notion about not nosing into other people's affairs. For all that, I didn't have to look hard to see that thoughts of the young lady occupied a good many of the minutes he was awake.

"When I get back home," says the young lady, leaning back in her chair and laughing soft and lazy-like, "I'm going to let my eight-day clock run down."

"What for?" says the parson.

"I never realized before," she answers, "what a delightful feeling an eight-day clock must have on the ninth day, when you have forgotten to wind it. Don't you feel that way?"

The parson laughed a little.

"Of course," she goes on, "you wouldn't want to stay run down and be just old junk. There wouldn't be any fun if you didn't know you'd have to be wound up again."

"Just as," says the parson, "you enjoy the five minutes after you know you ought to get up in the morning. I remember when I was a boy I used to plan to take an extra nap Saturday morning——"

"And always woke up an hour earlier," the young lady finishes for him. "And don't you have the same experience Sundays now?" she goes on, eagerly.

"Well," says the parson, sort of slow, "I don't think I do have that experience on Sunday."

"No?" she says. "Then you should cultivate the feeling, just to keep in touch with your boyhood, you know. You don't grow old so fast and it helps in—in various ways."

"When I was a boy at school I used to flunk my algebra pretty regularly," says the parson, "and every once and so often now, I dream that I have neglected it all the year and wake up in a cold perspiration for fear I shall not pass my examination. Won't that do for often keeping me in pretty close touch?"

"You have that dream when you realize that you've been neglecting some unpleasant details of your present job," she laughs.

"Doubtless you're right," he says, sobering down some. "There are many unpleasant details, and it is easy to devote one's time to the congenial duties to the exclusion of those that are distasteful."

Them was his words, and they sounded as if he was saying them from the pulpit.

"You mustn't think I'm trying to lecture you," she comes back at him. "At least your duties are on the shelf for the next few days and you can let your business go to smash with the comfortable feeling that you can't do anything to prevent it. With me it's different. I ought to be working hard at the present moment," and she glances over in the direction of the elderly party, who was reading as steady as a cyclometer.

The parson looked at the young lady thoughtful like and I could see he'd taken off the "Settlement Worker" tag he'd put on her and hadn't found another tag handy.

"Yes," he says at last, "I'm taking the voyage just for a rest and in order that distance may lend enchantment to a number of people to whom it is sometimes difficult to be as cordial as they expect—as they have a right to expect."

"It's hard to make a hit with a crowd like that," she says. "You feel they're disagreeable and cold and that shrivels you up and then you might as well quit."

"But," says the parson, "although, when human beings are the raw material of one's trade, the worker must have a degree of tact and patience not required by the man who adds a column of figures—the pleasure of the work makes up for the grated nerves."

"Oh, yes," she says, "and most of them are nice. The trouble is, one glum face stands out so prominent, and if you set out to change that one face—as I usually do—and it gets glummer and glummer, somehow you feel that every one else thinks he isn't getting a square deal," she said, and off she went.

It was on the fourth night of the trip that we had the shipwreck. We'd got through doing the usual stunt of walk the deck and some of us had been abed an hour or so. I'd dropped dead asleep as soon as I'd crawled in. The last I remembered was getting in and the next I knew I was out again, and feeling for the doorknob.

I didn't go through any preliminary wondering what was the matter. I knew that it was some sort of a shipwreck. I didn't even wonder if 'twas a collision or a fire or a boiler let go. I knew 'twas a wreck—any old kind of a wreck would do. I didn't feel curious as to the exact kind. I didn't even try to guess what time it was or how long I'd been asleep.

I got the doorknob pretty quick, having been accustomed to get my bearings in the dark, specially as to the location of doors that might be needed in a hurry. When I got out on deck there was a good many there ahead of me and other counties was being heard from all the time, and most of them, too, had been asleep, it taking no Sherlock Holmes to deduce that fact. I never did understand the good of fixing yourself up fancy when there wasn't anybody else to see. But tastes ain't all the same. They was rushing this way and that in the most useless and foolish sort of way, some of the ladies letting out a screech whenever they thought of it.

One of the men passengers, a fellow in blue silk pyjamas, located a boat and made a dive for it, almost knock-

ing over a woman in his hurry. That particular boat didn't have anybody guarding it, and the guy would actually have climbed in and done, I don't know what, if I hadn't uppercut him—gentle of course, but sufficient for the purpose.

Then I seen the parson. Scared? Scared stiff, you bet! I never got such a jolt in my life as when I seen his staring eyes. Part, and a mighty big part, of my liking for the parson was because he had grit, real nervy grit, the kind that would make a slender young feller stand up to a big, husky cuss who depended on his muscle and a quick eye to make a living, and take that feller by the back of the neck—even if he was leaning over at the time and not wise to the parson being there—and stretch him flat on his back. But, as I say when I seen them eyes, it made me feel all sort of gone in my stomach.

All of a sudden his eyes changed and his mouth sort of laughed or said "Thank God" or did something that a mouth will all by itself when you're thinking hard and quick about some thing else, and he made a jump. Then I seen, and I laughed a little, too, all to myself, because I understood.

The parson was standing by her. He wasn't scared any more. He hadn't been scared about himself at all, and he wasn't scared about her now that he was where he could take care of her. And she? She was looking as comfortable as could be expected, as the doctors say, which, after all, isn't very definite and it's not always wise to ask what ought to be expected. Well, she was looking that way, anyhow, and 'twas a good sight comfortabler than most of the other women, barring the elderly party, who didn't look as if she'd turned in before the fire broke out (which is figuratively speaking, there being no fire) and was still hold her play-book. I thought, and I still think, though I wouldn't swear to it, that she opened it once as if to make sure of a line.

For a wreck there was about as little [illegible] screeching and the chicken-with-her-head-off chasing around of the passen[illegible] enough for the officers to tell us there [illegible] brought us up short, but we'd be all right in a few hours.

I'm sorry I can't make that shipwreck more exciting. For itself it [illegible]

"The next day with the sun shining bright and the boat skipping along, them two was on deck"

[illegible] in her chair and him standing there [illegible] and down, smoking.

"I think," says she as I went by, "that I ought to tell you something."

[illegible] bound by custom or convention." I [illegible]

Coming back, I heard the parson s surprised like, 'But how did you know who I am?" That flabbergasted too. I didn't suppose she knew who [illegible]

done, I cut my up trip right off where I was and started back, real slow.

She laughed a little. "When you wrapped that coat about me the other night"—the "other night" and this the next morning!—"I forgot to give it back and wore it when I returned to my stateroom."

I had to walk on a little if I wasn't going to butt in, but I tacked again as soon as safe and come back.

"The card," she went right on from what I hadn't heard, "was that of Dr. Joseph Ames Gray, and of course there is but one Dr. Joseph Ames Gray. So I thought," she says sort of slow, and not glib-like

Just what she thought I didn't hear, though I was walking awful slow now. Before I'd made the turn the elderly party had butted in and the game was called. But I knew that rain checks had been distributed. That conversation hadn't got to the stopping-place.

For the last day of the voyage she and him didn't seem to meet except when the elderly party was in their midst. The little groove between the parson's eyes that was there the night I first met him and that I'd seen on other occasions since, was there all the time and the looks he give the elderly party wasn't pastoral. It wasn't a nice ending of what had been a mighty pleasant voyage. I watched her as well as him, and though she didn't have any groove between her bright eyes, and though to any one not noticing particular she might have seemed as chipper as ever, I didn't think she was real happy either.

I tried to reason it out with myself. "Course it's best it should end this way," I says to myself. "She's a nice little girl, but ain't she an actress?" I says. "A parson and an actress ain't cut out to get married. It's like the old lady says," I says, "it don't pay to marry out of the profession. She'd want to be getting back to the foot-lights," I says, "even if she thought a heap of him. And does she think so much of him?" I goes on to myself, "ain't she an actress, always playing a part? How will he know when she's acting and when she ain't? How does he know, and how do I know, that she [illegible] herself acting [illegible]

Then I got mad at myself. I ain't one of them fellers that reads [illegible] on your head or looks at you [illegible] you what you're thinking about, [illegible] I'd have staked my bottom [illegible] the fact that she wasn't doing a [illegible] acting with the parson.

But she steered clear of him right up smack to getting off time. I was [illegible] busy towards the close, seein[illegible] things and the parson's, and so [illegible] in for all the preliminary s[illegible] But I was there for the finish. [illegible] was after we'd landed.

[illegible]

Bucolic Preferences

By W. D. Nesbit

I LOVE to see the farmer standing sturdy in the wheat
To see his brawny tawniness as with his straining arms
He tosses out the bulky sheaves that lie about his feet,
I muse upon the labor that is done upon the farms,
How splendidly the rugged men perform their lotted toil
Beneath the burning splendor of the blazing summer sun—
Please understand that though inspired while looking at him mod
I do not care to do it; I just like to see it done.

I love to see them plowing in the gleaming fields of corn,
To think about the meaning of the tasseled row on row,
To see them going joyous to their task at early morn
And marching through the army of the corn till sunset's glow
How helpful to observe their strength, to see them bend and strive
Until they count the battle of their tillage fairly won.
Ah, such a sight uplifts the soul and makes it feel alive—
I do not care to plow there, but I like to see it done.

'Tis fine to watch the threshers as they toss the golden grain
To see them leap with vigor at the high and heaping stack.
One realizes fully that the future is not vain
When all our hopes are borne upon the farmer's honest back.
One thrills with inspiration till he almost joins the crew,
But watching from the shade perhaps is rather more of fun
These rugged tasks are efforts such as mighty men may do—
I do not care to do them; I just like to see them done.

Fish—and The Facts

THE PROBLEM WHICH [illegible] HAD TO SOLVE AND THE EFFICIENT WORK WHICH WILL RESULT IN A REORGANIZATION OF THE BUSINESS AND THE PROTECTION OF THE CANADIAN CONSUMER

By Britton B. Cooke

Illustrated from Photographs

QUEER how [illegible] stop to watch a piano being hauled on ropes to the third story window of an apartment block. You will strain your neck and squint your eyes and hold your breath as the piano swings up from the ground toward its destination [illegible] mutter your criticisms and call out your advice. You may even lend a hand on one of the ropes if the burden seems in danger of slipping! You [illegible] isn't your piano. It's not your apartment house. There are [illegible] things you might better be doing. Yet there you stand, absorbed in a simple engineering problem and with only a remote and entirely subconscious hope that the piano may fall and nearly kill someone—to buoy up your interest.

But let that piano be a national piece of machinery—such as some department of Canadian trade—let there be three or four of your fellow citizens tugging, hauling and sweating to get that problem, so to speak, up and in the window—let it be a matter of vital interest to you, as much to you as to them—and how much notice will you give it? Will you strain anything over a mere piece of national economic engineering? Or even squint one eye to be sure you are looking at it in the right light? Or lend a hand on one of the ropes? And if the trade in question happens to be fish. . . !

When your wife tells you, with tears in her voice, that she had to pay twelve [illegible] with her that it is robbery. You both exclaim against the high cost of living and wonder how you can afford to keep your little Henry F in gasoline during the winter. You don't look at the fish problem of the Dominion as a whole. You don't think of the great machinery which is necessary to bring you that piece of fish. You merely growl against the incidentals of a great piece of economic engineering looking up to see what you are really growling at. You remember that Canada is the "greatest fish-producing country in the world." You hear that the Americans are getting nearly sixty per cent. of "your" fish. You read that the Canadian Food Controller, instead of making fish cheaper, actually made 'em dearer the first week his special fish [illegible] were running [though the real reason was that inexperienced small dealers had started out on too narrow a margin of profit for safety). You frown and fold your napkin, and depart in dignity for the office, shaking your head in solemn certainty that something is wrong with the country—Ah, how you and your lodge cronies sigh over it at lunch! Ah, for a national saviour! Ah!—and yet, if you'd look up you might see three men—not saviours exactly but three good men nevertheless—sweating over one of the many absorbingly difficult feats in economic engineering which go on unseen, above your very head in this country,—Fish

From our sea coasts cod and hake, haddock and cusk, pollock and herring—split, salted, dried and canned have been shipped abroad by thousands of tons to people who appreciate fish

The whole fishing industry of Canada, from the line trawlers to the housewife, is being studied and skillfully reconstructed

mind whether you eat fish or don't eat it. Never mind whether you are or are *not* one of that fat kind that wear diamonds and pearls at breakfast and conspires with the [illegible] ing as shown in a certain [illegible] *this* piece of piano moving. In a sense it's your piano. You should

Imagine now, that there was a high range of hills covered with exc[illegible] soil and spotted every here and t[illegible]

with lakes, some of them very large lakes, which would have watered the crops on these hills if only the water could have been properly distributed over the country. Suppose it wasn't properly distributed because, to do this an irrig[illegible] the place[illegible] needed on these hills were so scattered and isolated, one from another, that a great deal of digging was necessary to lead a little bit of the water from the larger lakes to a few people here and a few there.

Suppose also, that on the plains below the hills—this is still a parable—there was a dense population, and a great need for water. Moreover, the plains people were so closely packed together, that one main ditch could reach thousands upon thousands of customers for every mile it travelled through the plains.

Suppose the people of the plains dug main-line ditches from the big hill lakes to their chief centres and there divided and sub-divided it, leading if off in ever decreasing streams to the roots of their crops and the drinking troughs of their animals. So that the plains drew almost all the water yielded by the big lakes in the hills, and the people who lived in the hills got comparatively little or none at all.

That would be a fair picture of the fish problem of Canada: the water—fish, the hills—Canada, the plains—the United States. The thing to be done is so to arrange the affairs of the nation that plenty of water will remain, as it were, on the hills, yet without disturbing the present supplies of our allies the Americans. To sell our cake—and have it! In Canada we eat less than half the fish we catch. Winnipeg scarcely knows the taste of Lake Winnipeg whitefish. Toronto is almost a stranger to Lake Ontario trout. The average consumption of fish in Canada is only a few ounces per week per capita—Now what were they to do?

> The fresh water resources of Canada must be so developed and so distributed as to give a generous supply of fish to each Province within a comparatively short railway or steamship run from the main centres of consumption. This is the foundation of the Food Controller's new fisheries policy for Canada

II.

The fishing industry in Canada, let it be understood quite clearly, has no special love for the Canadian consumer. Let Canadians protest as they may against our colossal exports to foreign countries, or against the alleged profits of the middlemen—they have no support from the men who catch the fish. Fishing is perhaps the oldest industry in Canada. Our fishing fleets have been the training schools of great men in Empire and Dominion. Some of the best blood and the best brains in Canada is drawn from fisherfolk in the far east.

But as between fisherfolk as businessmen and other Canadians as consumers of food, there is no great bond. Fish, after all, is chiefly a plain, honest man's diet. In other ages and other countries the people have been glad to get it and housewives have been diligent and ingenious in finding new ways to make it appetizing. The Americans and English, the Spaniards and the Cubans, have eaten fish while Canadians have, as it were, lived luxuriously on their capital, i. e., on their beef herds and flocks of sheep that might have bred sons and daughters. The Canadian fisherman found a market for his fish when it was most appreciated. He built for himself a large export trade. He studied his foreign markets and made up his goods to suit those foreign tastes. From our sea coasts cod and hake, haddock and cusk, pollock and herring—split, salted, dried and even canned—have been shipped abroad by thousands of tons to people who appreciated fish. The Boston market pays well for British Columbia halibut, though it takes three weeks from fisherman to frying pan, and of our fresh water fish the same has been true. Chicago and Buffalo take hundreds of cars, while Winnipeg and Toronto take tens, and even less.

The fishermen, knowing the indifference of their home market, show no sympathy. The middlemen—wholesale and retail—have found so little demand as to make it scarcely worth their while to nurse the trade. The railways, knowing that special cars were necessary to carry the fish over long hauls, have had no great interest in experimenting with a trade that might otherwise have had their support.

The first thing the Food Controller did was to appoint a Fish Committee. The first thing the Fish Committee did was to request the public to eat more fish. The first thing the public did was to point to the fish. They claimed it was dear, that it was not alw[illegible] fresh and that there wasn't enough of it. Roused a little, they pointed out, too, that Boston saw more of the B. C. halibut than did Vancouver or Victoria. [illegible] fensive. [illegible] over 33 billion pounds a year ca[illegible] Canada—*yet not enough for Ca*[illegible] There was waste in the fishing me[illegible] Waste in distributing methods. [illegible] ger that a number of the fresh [illegible] fisheries might, under certain conditi[illegible] be fished out. Fishermen con[illegible] that they were victims of a pe[illegible] and packing trust. Packing co[illegible] alleged business exigencies. [illegible] salers exclaimed against the [illegible] of the best fish to Americans. [illegible] the American Food Controller, Ho[illegible] loomed darkly in the offing, [illegible] ing for any sign of the cutting [illegible] the American supply from our fisheries.

To begin with, however, there were practical matters needing immediate attention. It was [illegible] that something [illegible] achieved at once by improving the railway service from Atlantic ports to the in[illegible] Government railways and the Grank Trunk and C. P. R. were called together in [illegible] ference and asked to [illegible] means of shipping fish [illegible] speedily to Mon[illegible] cnt. Arrangements for [illegible] other at Montreal were [illegible] completed and before the F[illegible] Committee was [illegible] old an excellent [illegible] service between the [illegible] and Toronto was in operation.

Here again difficulties were met and had to be overcome. There was a shortage of ice at certain icing stations where no provision had been made for the increased traffic. This was remedied after one failure. The first shipments to arrive in Toronto were so well advertised that an extr[illegible] demand sprang up and could not in every case be satisfied.

These troubles were almost at an end when a gasoline shortage was discovered among the fishing towns in the Maritime provinces. One village trying to borrow from its neighbors brought to light the fact that nobody had more than two or three days' supply, and that at least a thousand motor boats used in fishing would be tied up. Unless this situation could be avoided the nicely-timed train service just completed would be interrupted for lack of fish! However, appeal through the Fishermen's Association to the Fish Committee resulted in some strenuous [illegible] on the part of that committee's

transportation expert, Mr. W. E. Ireland, and a solid train of seventeen tank cars of gasoline was despatched in time to save the day. Meantime a similar shortage of gasoline at Prince Rupert has been dealt with by the Food Controller 's men.

Shortage of another commodity—salt for the fish-packers—was also brought to the attention of the Food Controller and, but for the unexpected but timely arrival of salt-ships from Cadiz, Spain, would have put some strain on the remedial faculties of that important office. Owing to the torpedoing of vessels and the failure of many schooners to make their usual trips with fish to Spain and bring the stock of coarse salt, which is usually replenished by the return cargoes carried by these ships as ballast, had practically disappeared. Newfoundland, in desperation, had been forced to pay the British Admiralty 45 shillings a ton freight for salt cargoes brought by returning transports, and Nova Scotia and New Brunswick were between that necessity and the hope of help from the Fish Committee when the vessels they had long hoped for and given up, hove into sight.

III

And now for the general policy, the real engineering

Assuming that Canadians are by this time in the humor to eat more fish, first to the amateur might occur the idea of an embargo. "I'd make a law," said an indignant commercial traveller who never ate fish, "that not one pound of Canadian fish should be allowed to leave the country till the Canadian market was supplied." His hearers applauded. But had he really been in a position to make such a law he would have recognized very quickly its unpracticability. Although our fishing licenses specify that Canadians have the first call on the catch, the fact remains that an embargo cannot be [illegible] United States so long as that country is in a position to retaliate by cutting off supplies which Canadians can obtain from no other source. The spirit governing all negotiations between the two Governments, Ottawa and Washington, is more than ever a spirit of amity and mutual assistance one to the other. Embargoes on such exports as Canadian fish are out of the question

The second remedy to be suggested for the problem would probably be—better transportation. Although the Government now pays one-third of the express charges on fish coming west from the Atlantic as far as the east boundary of Manitoba, and on fish east-bound from the Pacific to the same point, there are still obstacles to the easy distribution of the sea fish. In the first place there are not enough refrigerator cars for fish. Cars once used for this purpose cannot very well be used for other perishable goods. In the second place the distances are so great that, with even the best of train service and a maximum of this class of traffic, the cost of hauling, icing, shrinkage and general deterioration would always be a serious factor in price making.

Thus discarding all the obvious methods of reform the Food Controller's men came to the heart of their problem: Canadians, in order that they may economize beef and bacon

There are fewer fishermen now, and crews are therefore scarce and pay necessarily higher Men who would once have manned a dory are now fighting side by side in France or standing their watch in the North Sea

by eating more fish, must produce more fish, *and must produce it near where it is needed*. In other words, the fresh water resources of Canada must be so developed and so distributed as to give a generous supply of fish to each province within a comparatively short railway or steamship run from the main centres of consumption. And this is the foundation of the Food Controller's new fisheries policy for Canada That is why, at the instigation of the Fish Committee, the Government of Ontario took over the famous Lakes Nipigon and Nipissing which have hitherto been closed against commercial fishermen and are said to be teeming with excellent whitefish. That is why the three western provinces have been offered licensing control of certain of their northern waters and are expected to collaborate in a system of catching and distributing the fish. Some of these western lakes, such as the Athabasca, are so far from railway connection that they will be available only for winter fishing. The catch will be hauled long distances by horse and sleigh and distributed among the cities Other lakes, on the other hand, will be reserved for summer fishing on account of the ease with which the fish can be placed on the market

Such plans are not as easily brought into operation as they are decided upon. The Dominion's consent to give the control of these lakes to the provinces had first to be obtained. The provinces had then to be consulted as to the methods of exploiting these lakes Problems of labor, fishing-gear and transportation were raised and are being dealt with

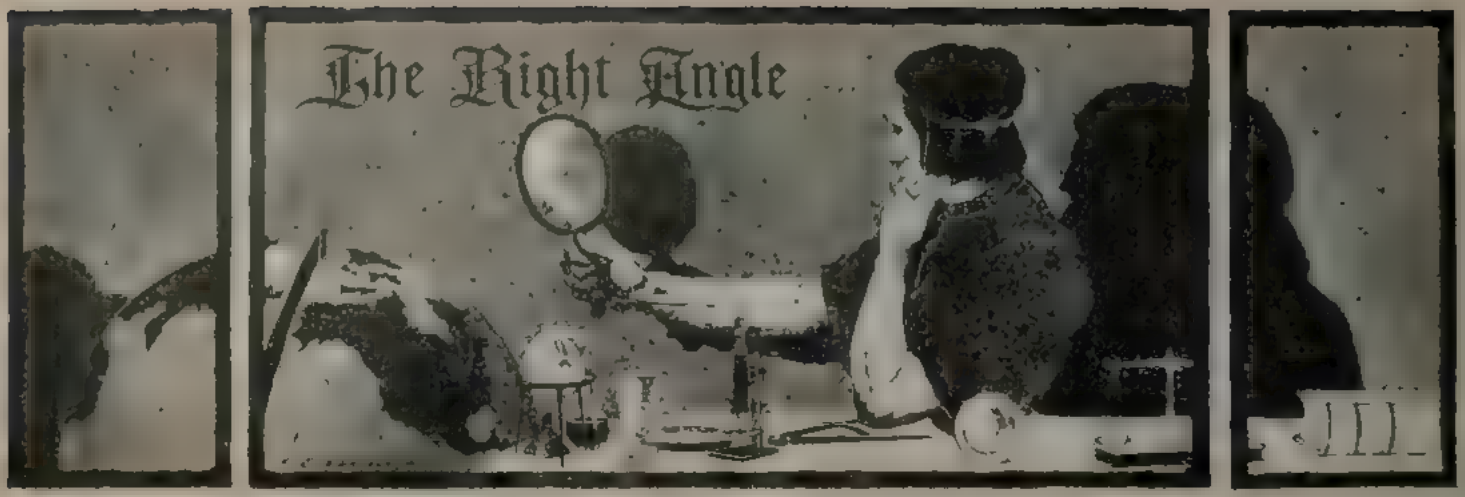
The question of selling fish below market rates was one of the most difficult to settle, because the public insisted on cheaper fish, whereas the Food Controller and his Committee knew that fish would soon be dearer, if, by selling government caught fish at cost, or below a fair price, the producers, necessary under existing economic conditions, were discouraged.

All that the Food Controller can do is to ensure that no undue profits are made by the middlemen. To this end there has been adopted a licensing system for wholesalers whereby monthly returns are to be made showing the prices charged the retailers. The checking up of the latter is to be undertaken by the municipalities in close co-operation with the Food Controller. So far, according to the committee, the dealers have shown a quick willingness to co-operate with the Government in every way. Some of those with whom fish is a mere side line have found through analyzing their books on the request of the Fish Committee that they have actually been handling fish at no profit at all, due to the losses in trimming and through deterioration. In order to be able to deal intelligently with the dealers the Fish Committee has itself investigated the cost of handling fish, and it has taken practical steps to reduce the retailer's losses and increase his sales by paying part of the cost of a special fish display case

IV

If all the factors in the situation were within the four walls of Canada, under Canadian jurisdiction, the work of the Committee would not be so difficult

Continued on page 330



INSPIRATION AND NATION BUILDING

AS yet, in Canada, the day of the practical man is far from done. It is true that in the last 20 years we have made the perhaps inevitable mistake of over-emphasizing the importance of constructive executives. The philosophic, the idealistic, the visionary and the spiritually-minded folk have found it hard sledding, and have been neglected, until now, at Ottawa. Everyone sees the need for the inspirational qualities of such people. Travellers returning from the capital liken Ottawa's futile state of mind to that of a bridge-builder called upon to mend porcelain. His fingers are thick and clumsy for the task. He is equipped with the wrong kind of mental machinery—gigantic rivetters and colossal derricks, where fine instruments and delicate touch are required. We turn therefore and lament the neglect of our recent days. Seeing how the practical politician fails, whom once we admired, we seek the men whom once we called utopians and visionaries, men with the courage to dream dreams and work with ideals instead of party funds. This, however, is only a temporary reaction. We shall emerge from this state of mind much richer than when we entered it. We shall still have need for our bridge-builders but we shall value alongside him the workers in abstract things. Out of all our present mess of political incompetence we shall yet evolve inspired leadership and genuine public spirit.

NEVER MIND RUSSIA

FOR the heartening of those who are depressed over the unfortunate situation in Russia, let it be known that a reputable journal in Amsterdam claims to know that Germany is contemplating more peace proposals. The comforting fact does not lie just there, for even the most optimistic of us hardly expect the proper sort of advances from the Teuton nation yet. But enquiry reveals the fact that industrial conditions in Germany probably gave rise to the rumor. Even prior to the acquisition of Rumanian territory and that further east, there was no danger of starving Germany into defeat. Not only is every inch of ground under the most efficient cultivation (even the strip of land which runs beside the railroad tracks) but the whole mass of the people are living under drastic food control. Added to this, Germany has produced a bumper crop during the past summer. There will be no revolution, either. Ex-Ambassador Gerrard tells us. There may be scattered riots, but the German people are not the type who rise in revolt. Years of military discipline have taught them the futility of such a step. What the country is facing, however, is Industrial Death—a death without resurrection unless the war can be stopped; and soon! Granting that by able artificial means, she can wear a look of financial prosperity with which to encourage the masses, she cannot simulate industrial solidity. The declaration of war by each country is a declaration of swifter industrial death by starvation. Was not the strength of Germany built largely upon her enormous foreign trade? What has become of the hundreds who suffer by reason of this lost foreign trade? It is said that an American operating a large number of 5 and 10 cent stores practically owned several German villages whose output (to feed his chain of stores) amounted to amazing figures. What has become of trade in those villages? It is reasonable to believe that many of these and other workers have found employment in munition plants, factories producing commodities resultant upon war, and in farming communities. Many of them, too, have gone on military pay rolls. But even the most prosperous of them are prosperous by artificial means, and these are not lasting. No country can be self-contained even in peace, and Germany's present self-containedness is nearing an end. The longer she perseveres at it, the less chance she will have in the fierce post-bellum competition for foreign trade; not only because sentiment will stand in the way of many nations dealing with her, but because her normal industries will have been killed. She will have to rebuild from the ground up. Whether the insensate pride of militarists will humble itself before defeat has merged into disaster, is a question none can answer. But whether Germany acquires more territory or not, she cannot resuscitate her industrial life so long as the trade of the nations turns against her.

BILL'S AND DAN'S EMPIRE

TWO men will be out of work when the Government takes over the Canadian Northern Railway. Even although Sir William MacKenzie and Sir Donald Mann may remain consultants to the Government—even if they continue in the active management of the C. N. R., they must still present the rather pathetic picture of two great construction bosses out of their element, deprived of their hobby, railway building, and their toys, railways. It will be difficult for those men to find new outlets for their activities. They may engage in other great industries such as smelting, steel-making, mining, or what you like, but none of these is like the creating and the mastery of a railroad. In the C. N. R. they were the twin emperors of a gigantic, "far-flung" domain. They might touch a finger to the steel in one of their rails in the remotest part of their line—and feel the pulse of a nation beating in it. However high the iron master may rear the stacks of his blast furnaces or however deep the shaft of a mine may be sunk—there is no thrill in any game like the thrill of easing civilization on rails, into the wilderness.

RURAL PROSPERITY

"GET in here!" An expected visitor from Eastern Canada—a resident of that city of beautiful homes—was thus instructed as, at a Western flag station, he looked with [illegible] upon a gasoline driven vehicle which had absorbed [illegible] dence and daring might well upset the nerves of one whose [illegible] factory appearance up to a point of perfection. The auto on the farm ranks among other implements, somewhere between the Sunday buggy and the waggon. It is more generally useful than the buggy, and its appearance less [illegible] than the waggon. If the horses are on the land it can be used to round up the cows, haul binder twine, [illegible] to the efficiency of the headquarters staff, where the men and beasts come for meals, rest and shelter. This utility, saving so much wear and tear of horse flesh, is only now finding its proper place on the prairies, and the rapidity with which it is being [illegible] existing rural prosperity. Sir John Aird quite recently said and he knows the West thoroughly that autos more than anything else have put the people of the West in a stronger position, economically speaking. In 1909 Alberta owned 11 cars and to-day a few less than 20,000 claim owners in that province. Saskatchewan and Alberta combined owned 55 cars just ten years ago to-day the former province has 30,000. In this great increase there has been a strain of extravagance but in the main the motor-car may be ranked as a producing factor. It will [illegible] the rural telephone facilitate social intercourse. An essential in the building up of rural communities out of people from so many lands and races.

CANADA'S WHEAT CROP

VARIOUS estimates of the wheat crop in Canada have been made during the past few weeks by accepted authorities. Nevertheless, they vary as much as 36,000,000 bushels, and this disparity in estimates has been charged to [illegible] the impossibility of securing, with the present available machinery, an accurate estimate of the yield over such an extensive a country, until the wheat is threshed. The estimate of the Dominion Government places the wheat crop of Canada at 260,000,000 bushels. Other authorities [illegible] Dominion Government [illegible] 217,000,000 bushels, [illegible] 200,000,000 bushels, [illegible] 217,000,000 bushels. The Western Grain Growers' Association at 224,307,000 bushels and the Bank of Commerce at 225,000,000 bushels. Allowing 25,000,000 bushels for Eastern Canada, all these estimates are within a few million bushels of the Government forecast. Two other authorities place the yield in Western Canada at 250,000,000 bushels. These are the Canadian Northern Railway and the Royal Bank of Canada. Adding the estimated yield of Eastern Canada to this total, the grand total yield would come to 275,000,000 bushels. Taking the average of these seven estimates as correct, the yield for all Canada would be 253,000,000 bushels, which con- [illegible] the grand total was 426,000,000 bushels. [illegible] was only 224,000,000 bushels. Moreover, the quality [illegible] The bulk [illegible] the basis of [illegible] has been fixed by the Government at $2.21 per bushel. This compares with 96 cents in September 1913, when the yield of wheat was only 231,000,000 bushels, an increase in price of 166 per cent. On this basis, it is estimated that Canada's wheat crop alone will be worth $575,000,000, or equal to one half of Canada's total national debt.

SWEDEN ON THE FENCE.

SWEDEN, regarded in the past by the Allies as dangerously pro-German, seems to have come to the conclusion that she has been "backing the wrong horse." She is rapidly becoming, if not, strictly speaking "pro-Ally," at least anti-German. The German spell, cast by the German Queen of Sweden, and her court, has been effectually broken. Not more than a year ago, the Swedes were undeniably on the German side of the fence. At this present date, they are "on the fence." As the need for food in Sweden grows greater, there is no possible doubt that, with the abandon of hunger, they will descend to that side of the fence where food is! Swedish pro-Germanism was partly the result of the German court influence, and a press which published German war news to the exclusion of all other. But popular opinion was mainly moulded by fear of Russia. Sweden looked upon Germany as her only protection from trouble in that quarter. However, Sweden knows that she has nothing to fear from a *democratic* Russia. So Germany has lost that particular hold on her erstwhile friend. Germany made a grave mistake in giving to Sweden the same erroneous war reports that she offered her own people. Sweden thought Germany invincible until she discovered the fallacy of these reports. When she discovered that her intelligence had been insulted with lies and evasions, her conclusions were obvious. The British Government invited certain Stockholm editors to visit Liverpool; which city had been, according to German official reports, practically destroyed in a Zeppelin raid, along with its bridges, docks, and shipping—all described by name! The editors made the pilgrimage, gave the truth to their readers, and a change in public opinion instantly became noticeable. The democratic parties are now frankly anti-German, as are the working-classes. It will be dangerous for the court to persist in its strong pro-Germanism

THE FOURTH WAR LOAN

THE Finance Department at Ottawa in making preparations for floating the fourth domestic war loan is launching a campaign that will probably influence every citizen in the Dominion. The amount of the loan will probably be $150,000,000, and the terms such as to make the loan yield close to 5.40 per cent. to the investor. Only a small proportion of those who were in a financial position to do so have participated in previous loans, about 30,000 investors. Had Canadians done proportionally as well as the people of the United States did in response to the First Liberty Loan, the number of subscribers would have been more like 200,000. This time however, the authorities, with the assistance of financial organizations already in [illegible] reach everybody who has money available for investment. To this end a committee has been formed constituted of bankers, bond dealers and stock brokers. This body, representative of the financial interests of the country, met recently and plans were brought to an advanced stage. Their work will be supplemented by the publicity campaign which will be directed by a committee of representative men in the field of advertising. It is anticipated that the agricultural community will share largely in the next loan in view of the fact that they have greatly prospered since the war opened, and especially during the past year

Politics and Politicians

SOME OF THE HAPPENINGS OF THE MONTH IN PARLIAMENT HILL AND SOME SIDE LIGHTS ON THE COMING ELECTION

By Tom King

SIR GEORGE FOSTER'S speech to his constituents in Toronto on September 24th may portend a great deal or it may portend nothing at all. It was, at any rate, a most remarkable deliverance for a cabinet minister to make on the eve of a general election. If Sir George be returned to Parliament it will be rather upon the strength of his party than upon his own personal popularity. Yet in his speech he said in effect to Liberals and Conservatives alike, "a plague on both your houses." He more than intimated, that the near future might bring forth a coalition of the two parties, and a union government in Canada. If that end could be accomplished by his retirement then Sir George would gladly retire from public life!

This was neither meat nor drink for a Conservative meeting assembled to open an election campaign. The crowd was respectful but not impressed. They would have liked Sir George to go after Sir Wilfrid Laurier in a more vigorous manner, and they may have felt that he was too much on the defensive, not to say too apologetic for the Borden government.

An Old Time Election?

THIS by the way. The campaign will open soon enough, and truculent speaking will be the order of the day. We may yet look back with regret upon the Minister of Trade and Commerce and his counsels of moderation. So far as Ontario is concerned I do not think the contest will be any less bitter whether the candidates of the Borden government be called "Conservatives" or "Unionists." Neither do I think that Sir Robert will be any stronger as the head of a coalition government than he would be as leader of the Conservative party. It may be different in the West, and probably is, but in Ontario, so far as I can see, the people at large are ready for an old-time party election.

No "Solid Ontario"

NEARLY everyone will tell you that the West holds the balance of power. They arrive at this conclusion by saying that the Conservatives will sweep Ontario and the Liberals carry a solid Quebec. The Maritime Provinces, they say, will break even, and thus the sceptre of decision will pass to the people west of Lake Superior.

The conclusion may be correct, but I do not altogether agree with the premises. Ontario is neither as unanimous for conscription nor Quebec as unanimous against it as many are led to believe. Sir Robert Borden will carry a large majority of the Ontario seats, and Sir Wilfried Laurier a large majority of the Quebec seats, but there will be no solid Ontario or Quebec.

In Ontario the government may lose a number of ridings to Opposition candidates, whether they be called "Liberal, "Labor" or "Independent." The cities, usually overwhelmingly Conservative, are this year permeated with unrest. On the other hand a number of ridings in the Province of Quebec may be carried by the government. Jean Baptiste by nature and tradition is a Conservative, and is law-abiding no matter what may be said or done by a few people in Montreal. He must recognise now that conscription is an accomplished fact, and he has, after all, a certain hankering for the loaves and fishes of government patronage.

The Question of the West

BUT if the government loses eighteen or twenty seats in Ontario and carries, say, eight or ten seats in Quebec, the net result would be the same so far as it being possible for the Western people, by uniting for a common purpose, to dominate the situation. How far it will be possible for them to act as a unit remains to be seen. Probably there is little community of interest between British Columbia and Alberta, and it is quite likely that on federal affairs Manitoba thinks differently from Saskatchewan and Alberta. Yet it must be admitted that in the West the old party cries have little significance. There is not the same cleavage of race, creed and language; indeed, economic questions are in the West paramount, though subordinated for the moment by the war. But, however eager the Western people are to win the war, can it be seriously asserted that they are devoted to the Borden government? But possibly a union government, if formed in the next week or two, might clarify the situation.

Conscription The Issue

IT is said that the government did not give all the women the vote at this election because they feared [illegible] tion might be pushed into the [illegible] the supreme issue. They were, [illegible] are, anxious to have conscription [illegible] one thing to be voted upon and decided at the coming election. This is a bold course and probably the most politic. The people, after all, decide one question at a time. The bulk of the Conservatives will no doubt vote party, as will the bulk of the Liberals, but those voters who break over the traces and do their own thinking will vote yes or no on the subject of conscription. In some ridings this may be difficult because both the Conservative and Liberal candidates will be conscriptic[illegible] The conscription Liberal candidate however, may receive the anti-conscription vote because, no matter what the local candidate may say, the voter will feel that he is deciding between Borden and Laurier.

Those who claimed a few months [illegible] that conscription would be overwhe[illegible]ingly defeated if left to a referendum by no means acknowledge that the Conservatives cannot carry the coming election. Few Conservatives they say are apt to leave their party on the conscription issue no matter how they might have voted on a referendum. On the other hand many Liberals will vote the Conservative ticket simply and solely because they believe in conscription.

The Close of Parliament

GREAT bitterness marked the closing days of parliament. The Government brought down some drastic measures and forced them through both houses with an iron hand. The Federal Franchise Bill was an exceedingly bitter dose for the Opposition, and they had it administered to them

much like a strong-minded step-mother pours a dose of castor oil down the throat of a struggling child. There was no fooling around with capsules, or trying to disguise the taste by mixing it up in molasses.

The closure was applied in what the Liberals considered to be a ruthless manner. It was clamped on after about ninety minutes debate, and was never released for a moment until the bill had gone through all its stages and been sent to the Senate. Had the Conscription Bill been passed with the same expedition it would have become law four months ago and the conscripts by this time would be well overseas. Perhaps too much time was wasted on the conscription debate and not enough time accorded for discussion of the Franchise Bill! Once the government got a taste of autocratic power it began to use the closure club with unfeigned delight. After all it is rather a nice thing to pass a bill in five days which under ordinary circumstances would require three or four months.

Speaker Rhodes

THE government was greatly helped in its work this session by Hon. Edward N. Rhodes, the [illegible] Speaker of the House of Commons. Mr Rhodes is courteous and fair, but when he makes a ruling he sticks to it, and that ruling everyone must obey. He is not inclined to be harsh with the members who rambled out of order, or to check unduly a debate which springs up without premeditation and may not be entitled under strict interpretation of the rules to impede the orders of the day. On the other hand he will not tolerate anything like organized obstruction. He orders members to their seats in the most peremptory manner, and will listen to no back talk. Even Hon. William Pugsley, the most elusive and successful obstructionist of modern days, more than met his match in the new Speaker!

Mr. Rhodes is a young man, having only entered parliament in 1908. He is popular with the members on both sides of the House, and always pays to Sir Wilfrid Laurier the deference due [illegible]

leader of a great party. Sir Wilfrid, the Chesterfield of Parliament, and always a stickler for the dignity of the House, gets on famously with the new Speaker. It would not therefore be surprising, no matter how the election results, to find the speakership of the Commons made a permanent office, with Mr. Rhodes as the first incumbent.

The Women's Voice

THE Liberals complain that the Federal Franchise Bill is deliberately framed to juggle them out of the next election. The naturalized aliens of enemy origin disfranchised in the West, they say were disfranchised not because they were Germans or Austrians, but because they supported the Sifton government in Alberta and the Martin government in Saskatchewan at the recent provincial elections. The enfranchising of the women they dared not oppose in parliament beyond objecting that it did not go far enough.

The election must largely hinge upon how the women vote. If they are all for conscription the government will be returned by an enormous majority. "They are for conscription," the government argues, "because they are the kin of the soldiers at the front."

This sounds all right and may work out all right, but we must remember that the voters, not the politicians, select the issue on which they render judgment. For example, if the female kin of the soldiers became dissatisfied with pay, pensions and separation allowances they may voice that dissatisfaction by opposing the government. Then again, the Liberals hope at least to reap advantage from the general complaints about the high cost of living. But that is a subject the women know all about. There may be no particular logic in voting against Sir Robert Borden because Sir Joseph Flavelle has a money making business, but then people do not always vote logically, nor do the politicians encourage them to master the art of clear thinking. Many a man in 1911 voted against reciprocity as a protest against the *ne temere* decree, and more than one voter in 1917 may vote against conscription as a protest against the price of bacon!

McConnell in the Toronto Daily News.

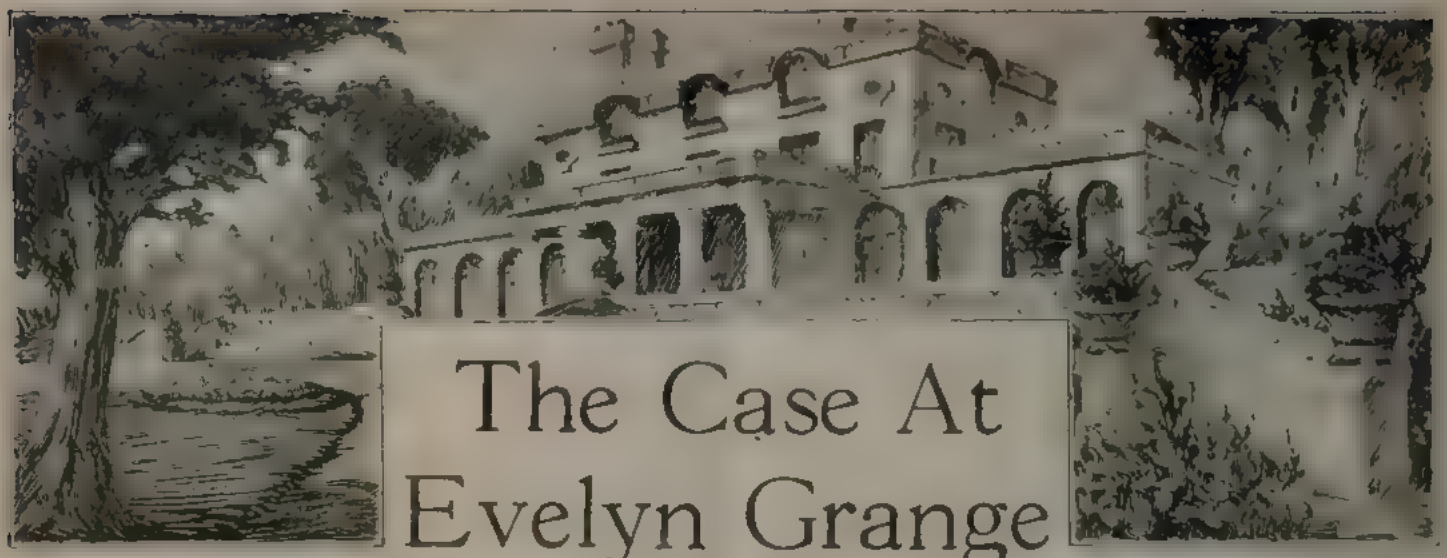
The Clown Prince "But can't our friends defeat it, papa"

The Military Voters Act.

THE Military Voters Act contains provision which could be used by an unscrupulous government to practically foreclose the result of the election. Several thousand members of the Canadian Expeditionary Force are given the ballot, although non-residents of Canada. Most of these live in the United States, but a few are residents of the United Kingdom and the British West Indies. There will therefore be electors at the coming election who never saw Canada and never expect to see it, and these voters may vote in any riding they select. Never having heard of any riding they must necessarily be influenced in their selection, and it might be possible to so distribute this non-resident vote as to make it the deciding factor in the coming election.

This appears evident from the fact that in, say, fifty ridings, the majority either way seldom exceeds one hundred. This mobile vote, it is argued, could be so distributed as to turn a number of doubtful ridings into sure seats for the government. On the other hand the Liberals do not seem to believe that the Borden government will stoop to any such manouvre, and the Military Voters Act has many safeguards for the Opposition.

Continued on page 320



The Case At Evelyn Grange

By E. W. Grant

Illustrated by Marcel Olis

VII.

BUT it was Mrs. Evelyn's bell," wailed the maid. "I had to answer it. I thought Mrs. Gaynor was asleep; she hadn't moved that long while. I was coming right back."

Her master's frown relaxed somewhat. After all was the servant so greatly to blame? No one could have foreseen the catastrophe.

"In the future, when you receive orders, obey them literally; don't use your own judgment. You're not here for that."

"No, sir—yes, sir," cried the woman, delighted that the result of her ill-considered obedience had not cost her her place. "The poor lady was out of her head, like. The doctor didn't say that to me, sir; as true as I'm alive, he didn't."

Evelyn turned on his heel and walked down the corridor, his mind filled with contending emotions. That poor Nellie Gaynor's brain was now affected was evident. She talked incoherently, sometimes a mere maze of words. But what he had seen at the moment of her attempted self-destruction bore the stamp of sanity. There was complete understanding in her determined grasp of the deadly weapon; and it was the result of what she had seen in the little room. Wendham too, realized, that her effort had been to commit suicide. His imperative demand that the story be so told that her actions would appear irrational—her escape and wound, the result of delirium—revealed his thought. Instinctively Evelyn's protective instinct had joined forces with Wendham. Not a questioning glance had met his story, even from the ferret-faced Levison. How should he guess? The clew lay in that interview in the den.

SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS INSTALLMENTS

Boyd Wyndham, a physician, joins a house party at Evelyn Grange. Among the guests is his old sweetheart, Nellie Gaynor, recently widowed, and Mrs. Charles Lawdon, a vulgar little parvenu. Mrs. Lawdon shows Nellie and Alice Rawlins [illegible] jewels in a novel case made like a hat trunk. That night while all the guests are at bridge downstairs the jewels are stolen. A search of the establishment reveals nothing and makes Mrs. Lawdon noisily suspicious of her fellow-guests, who are forbidden to leave the house till detectives arrive from town. John, the second man, accuses Adele, Mrs. Gaynor's maid, and offers to hold his tongue if she divides the spoils with him. The girl repeats this, asserts that she was asleep at the time of the theft, and denies her guilt so convincingly that she throws suspicion on John. Questioning Adele establishes her innocence, but Mrs. Gaynor falls ill. John escapes, but returns secretly and throws himself on Evelyn's mercy, acknowledging a criminal record, but denying the theft of the jewels. To verify a suspicion which, in spite of his love for Mrs. Gaynor, he has begun to feel, Wyndham puts Adele into a hypnotic sleep in which she confesses that, under Mrs. Gaynor's hypnotic suggestion, she has committed this theft and previous thefts. Mrs. Gaynor, overhearing the confession, tries to kill herself, and is prevented by Wyndham.

Luncheon would be a dreary meal, yet he looked forward to it eagerly. Then perhaps he might arrange for a sane talk with Wendham.

The arrival of the trained nurse brought another moment of excitement, and then relief.

At last, haggard and stern, the physician left the sick room, to find Evelyn waiting for him.

"Boyd," he exclaimed in a half whisper, "I can't stand being in the dark. You know—tell me. What was it you found out?"

Wendham looked his host directly in the eyes. Both look and voice raised an impenetrable barrier to further inquiry.

"I learned what I believed to be true before. The girl is absolutely innocent of even the slightest desire of wrongdoing. I do not believe she ever coveted anything in her life."

Evelyn sighed and slipped his hands into his pockets in bewilderment. This was not the answer he had expected.

"What in the world shall I say to my gardener's wife to-night? Sounds like Ollendorff [illegible] He [illegible]ed ruefully. But Wendham [illegible] claimed, "here it's days since that confounded mysterious disappearance, and we're getting nowhere."

"We're doing the best we can," said Wendham absently. "Mrs. Gaynor's condition is, I'm afraid—" Wendham broke off. "There's Mrs. Evelyn. I want to see her particularly."

"Do come to luncheon," said that lady wearily. "It seems impossible to get this household together, and the chef is so indignant at having been examined that he threatens to leave anyway. That would be the worst of all, you know."

Wendham smiled, but his eyes grew serious. "I want to ask you kindly to inform everyone, servants and guests alike, that no one is to go near Mrs. Gaynor except the nurse, her maid, or myself. It is imperative. I must insist again, and I must ask that that part of the house be visited as little as possible."

"Certainly. You can tell them at luncheon, and I'll see that the butler warns them all in the servant's hall. There's Alice. Where in the world have you been? Your boots are a sight. I hope you wiped them when you came in! Think of my rugs!"

"Too good for the floor, anyway," said Alice. "Hang them on the wall. And if you want to know what I've been doing—the under gardener and I have been catching one of your loud-mouthed, loud-dressed macaws that got loose from his gilt gymnasium. That's work. How's Nellie?"

Wendham shook his head. "Why,

She turned to him with a movement that suggested immeasurable relief and confidence

you're shaky, Alice Have we all gone crazy? Who ever heard of you with a qu[illegible]

"That horny-nosed bird bit me," she retorted ruefully, while over her clean-cut, high-bred face came the look that always shone there when she braced herself for a bad jump. She stretched forth two hands steady as steel "Any twiggles there? Come on: it's late. The alarm in my gastronomic clock went off long ago. Bother Patty's J[illegible]

During the meal the talk was labored, the gayety a forlorn hope. Mr Lawdon had begged to be excused, indulging in lingerie matinees and trays in her room, while her crestfallen husband [illegible] de the hostess. Alice was absent-minded, her eyes troubled and filled with anxiety. Wendham was plunged in thought, and Evelyn busy framing what should be said to the gardener's wife, and the white elephant in the cottage—Dawson. Only Patty chatted vaguely in disinterested tones of incipient troubles in the domestic force, till her husband, awaking from his trance, gave her comfort by the assurance that since the entire household force was under surveillance, any attempt to resign would be regarded as a clew. Everyone was glad when the moment of dispersal arrived.

"I've some letters to write," said Alice. "When do they take the bag to town?"

"Three," said Evelyn

Alice hesitated. "Say," she said, [illegible]ng close. "May I telephone S[illegible] come over to dinner? Con[illegible]? I saw Tiddledywinks today in his stall, and he's acting queerly—favoring his off shoulder. I want Stacy's advice, and I want to know what Alvord is doing. Joe's working him with the Leland string

Of course, yes: nice fellow, Stacy Too bad he isn't a bit better fixed hey, Alice? Have him over by all means."

"Right," [illegible] smiled gayly, and scampered up the stairs

Wendham retired to the gun room lit his pipe, and was plunged in thought. For the present, he ruminated, no safer hiding place for Mrs. Lawdon's jewels could be found than the leafy screen Let them stay there until he could devise some manner by which they might be returned to their owner, leaving their past whereabouts a mystery. If he could accomplish that, his other plans complicated and difficult as they were, could be followed, at least with freedom He laughed to himself grimly. If he could manage to have the gems discovered in Mrs. Lawdon's own apartment—in some corner overlooked in the search—the suspicion that the little parvenu so glibly laid upon everyone would fall upon herself. The fortunate losses of more than one woman gambler which had eventually enabled her to enter the lists again with ready money were too well known. Enough of the unreasoning old Adam was left in Wendham to make him enjoy the prospect But how? He vividly realized if the return of the jewels were traced to him, he would be placed in

able light. In fancy he saw himself accused. Then he concluded, let the loss remain a mystery. A hundred ways by which the ivy might reveal its secret disclosed themselves in his imagination. The plant might die, or lose its leaves. The bag might fall in some high wind, or the nail work loose What then? They hung beneath Mrs Gaynor's window. If she were saved, an innocent woman must bear the burden. Even in his devotion to the culprit, his sense of justice balked at that. He would rather himself be caught red-handed, the spoils in his own possession. Slowly a plan unfolded for him. On the plea of getting some article needed by the invalid, he would find access to her rooms at night. His movements in the darkened room could not be observed, he could then secure the jewels, take them to his room and watch his chance to drop them from the upper corridor window to Mrs. Lawdon's window box directly below. The jewels once in their rightful owner's possession, there would be a general dispersal of the enforced house party. If the jewels were discovered on her own premises, so to speak, Mrs. Lawdon would not be desirous of calling any further attention to the "late unpleasantness."

A sudden slapping of shutters, the iron jerk and clang of awnings roused him. A servant hurried into the room and rapidly adjusted windows and fastenings. Wendham rose and looked out. A rain of leaves and branches drove by and swept in a brown cloud down the garden paths. Low clouds scudded across the sky, and the whole mass of the near-by woods rocked in the gale. Fierce gusts shrieked in the chimneys and wailed away toward the plains below.

Would the storm disturb his patient? The room she now occupied was a small suite built for Evelyn's special use, when, as sometimes happened, he came out late from the city, or was detained by yachting or hunting. He could then enter directly by a private door, and seek his rest or have a late supper without disturbing any of the household, save his personal man servant Nellie's surroundings consequently were very different from her former environment. The mahogany and leather, the strong touch of color in sporting pictures, and the deep-toned wainscoting made a frame that accentuated her pallor and fragility.

"'Did he bite you?' the gardner asked me"

The nurse rose as Wendham entered the room, and raised the window shade. The light illumined the face on the pillow. She looked like a tortured child, infinitely pathetic and innocent

"Has she been restless?" he asked, as he bent over her.

The nurse nodded. "Yes, somewhat. She has persistent delusions. The trouble seems to have taken deep root in her mind. But the wound is in good condition."

Nellie Gaynor stirred uneasily. There was a painful attempt to turn the wounded neck. At the sound of Wendham's voice she half opened her eyes. She spoke thickly and with effort, trying to raise her hand to the bandages about her throat

"Oh, my dear, my dear! you have found it out. I'd rather have died."

In spite of his self-control the doctor flushed crimson, hardly daring to raise his eyes to the calm face of the nurse.

"She has been repeating something of that sort at intervals," the woman said, as she smoothed the pillow. "Here's the chart." The matter-of-fact tone and the systematic and familiar paper helped him to regain his mental poise.

"H'm! Bad temperature. We have our work laid out for us. Get a drop or two of this down her throat, if you can. The swelling will soon prevent her swallowing or speaking, poor woman. Now go lie down for a while, Miss Tredlay. You'll have to be up all night."

"Thank you, doctor," she said, and left the room.

As the door closed Wendham took hold of Nellie's slender fingers, gently caressing them. She turned toward him with a movement so slight that it hardly disturbed the folds of her pillow, yet it suggested immeasurable relief and confidence. His soothing touch sought her heated brow while he repeated over and over such assurances as a mother gives her child frightened by the imaginary terrors of the night. Something of the peace and reliance that the comforted child knows in that crooning protection descended not only upon her,

"He flopped up against the house and hung to the ivy right under Nellie Gaynor's window"

but upon his own troubled soul

The hours wore on. Outside the storm raged, venting its fury upon wooded hills and open plain with a passion of destruction. Darkness, wind-swept and sound-tortured, came early. By four o'clock the room was d[illegible] Wendham lighted the green-shaded lamp, and drew the curtains at the window.

Nellie was sleeping gently, apparently without pain; her pulse beating regularly. Only the swollen lips and fluttering eyelids gave sign that fever still held sway. A gentle knock announced Adele. She entered, her eyes fixed upon his face with agonized questioning.

"She is doing very well indeed," he said. "We have every hope, — must—" He broke off abruptly. They stood, facing each other. It came again——a knock, light, but insistent, at the window. What could it mean? There! this time rapid, yet discreetly softened as by one soliciting attention and secrecy.

A thrill of superstitious fear smote at his heart. But the next instant he had drawn back the curtains, raised the shade, and was looking out into the night.

"What is it?" gasped Adele's voice close beside him.

All was still for a moment. He strained his sight, shading his face with his hands the better to penetrate the shadows without. For a moment the wind lulled to a sigh, but the next a sharp squall tore screaming by. A line like a whiplash snapped against the window pane—a streamer of ivy torn from its hold, beating with subdued insistence.

"Vine!" he said in quiet explanation to the girl beside him. His own words aroused him. "The vines!" And what of—might not this tempest relentlessly reveal everything? There was no time to be lost. "Stay here, Adele," he ordered. "Miss Tredlay will be back presently. I sent her to rest. Mrs. Gaynor has been asking about her little pillow—no—I'm going up. I'll get it and send it down [illegible] maids."

Adele settled herself near the bed, and Wendham hurried from the room. He paused before Mrs. Gaynor's door in the guest wing. The corridor was empty. Not a sound save the howling of the wind [illegible] inward. The flutter of flying papers [illegible] rustle of striking [illegible] loud in his ears. He must be quick.

He leaned far out, feeling along the face of the wall. Far down as his hand would reach his fingers found a nail beneath the whispering leaves. A wire hung from it, but no weight held it taut. He raised it. It was loose for about four feet, and its end was doubled and curled as if untied. The bag was not there. A gasp escaped him. Feverishly he felt among the vines for another nail and wire. His hand grasped two, but they were too far away from the window to have been reached by Adele, and they were so firmly fastened below that they were evidently the "trainers" that the gardeners had laid for the growing tendrils.

A sound reached his ears, like the regular thump and splash of a cantering horse upon the drive. He made out an approaching bulk. A moment later the lights by the entrance shone upon two figures, streaming and steaming before the porch—a horse, thoroughbred and spattered saddle-high with mud, and his rider, a stalwart man, a sou'wester hunting cap drawn over his eyes and a slicker covering him to the tops of his shoes. Wendham drew back.

"I'll ride over and leave the nag at Billings," he heard Stacy's voice tell the butler. "I'm all right. I'll walk over. Ask Mr. Evelyn if he'll be so good as to lend me some old shoes—the rest of me's dry."

Man and horse disappeared from the misty circle of light before the door and were lost in the darkness.

Wendham closed the window. His mind was in a whirl of speculation. One thing was certain, he must make instant search at the foot of the vines. Perhaps the bag had not been securely tied. It might have dropped below. He scratched a match, snatched up that which was the excuse of his visit, and hastening down once more, delivered it into Adele's hands. In the hanging closet beneath the stairs he found a mackintosh. He threw it over his shoulders, and, unobserved, made his way into the tempestuous night under the windows of Mrs. Gaynor's former room, and with eager haste felt the rain-soaked earth. The bag was not there. For ten feet to left and right he explored the ground. He ran his arms and hands into the dripping foliage, in hope that the object of his search had caught upon some projection in its fall. His efforts were fruitless.

In despair he reentered the house, cast aside his sodden outer garment, and threw himself down upon the sitting-room lounge to fathom this new and menacing mystery.

They opened the newspaper and scanned the head lines for words to form their mysterious message

VIII

Alice bounded down the stairs two steps at a time.

"Joe Stacy," she exclaimed, "you're a brick; but I had no idea I was letting you in for a Walpurgis night when I called you up. You must be cold as Greenlands' icy mountains."

[illegible] Thank [illegible] Alice, you're a good guesser. He [illegible] to [illegible] [illegible] in which blue-gray eyes shone in pale [illegible] one swore by Joe Stacy if he *did* have to earn his living by his very capable management of the Laughton estate. But no one did this as frequently and fervently as the tomboy beside him.

"There you are, old man," she said as standing before the laden sideboard she ministered to his wants. "Here, take one of Charlie's private-stock cigarettes." She offered him the square silver box, and presented the match. "Now, come, I want to talk to you. You don't suppose I dragged you out like this just for greens, when I know you are as busy as a terrier in a rat hole."

"No, I didn't think you did, and I've had softening of the brain trying to guess why. You've all become so spectacular over here that anything is possible. Has that blond Easter Chicken accused you of her trouble?"

"No; and besides," Alice laughed. "Charlie has found out her name; it's 'Skirling Harpie.' He [illegible] all by himself. You can im[illegible]

Continued on page 336

Lord o' Land

A New Series of Sketches on Western Life and Types By Janey Canuck

Illustrated by Marcel Olis

IV.—WOODLAND FELLOWS

"I am a woodland fellow, Sir, that always loved a great fire"

OUR horses being tired we decide to leave them and make the next part of our journey by stage-coach, returning this way the day after to-morrow. The other passengers aboard are two Cree Indians, Gregoire and Marcel; a trader's wife named Massey, and a homesteader with his daughter. This homesteader introduces himself as Haydon. His daughter is newly-arrived from London, where she has been attending school. She is a surprisingly tall girl with an imperial type of beauty, and answers to the unusual name of Nydia.

A singularly dirty person is Darius, the stage driver, genial in manners, leather-brown in complexion, with a long venous neck and bleached-out eyes that remind you of nothing so much as moonstones. His voice has a thin treble like that of a enuch and it requires no leading questions to make him loquacious. For the last five minutes, Nydia, who sits between Darius and me, has been looking intently at the Adam's apple in his throat as it moves up and down like the piston of a suction pump. I can see she is wondering if it is attached to the end of his tongue and if he was just born that way.

He is enlightening the passengers as to how, in Edmonton, a cock-a-doodle fellow with eastern egg-shells still hanging from his tail-feathers had tried to persuade the gentlemen that he, Darius William Hanks, had played the ace twice in one deal. Darius hadn't his iron-mongery handy, having tempted Providence by leaving it under the seat of the stage but, nevertheless, he managed to make it interesting for this person with his fists.

"Believe me," continued Darius, "when I got through, he looked as if he had been horned by an engine on the C.P.R. 'You're wanted back home,' that's what I said to him when his wearied head was all dollied up in a table-cloth. 'You've been living too long in the city, Son. It's put a kink in your understanding. Take a hint from D'rius William Hanks, and hold on to your manners next time you plan to come round this way."

"Tut! Man," ejaculated the Englishman with some heat, "I have heard you tell that fool story every time I've been on this stage and you know it is all made up. Besides, anyone of those fellows from the East could kill you in thirteen places with nothing but his hands."

At so rough-shod an insult one might have expected Darius to resurrect his irons from under the stage seat, or to at least have engaged in a wordy tussel, but Darius, good soul, only winked at the passengers in a manner that was positively Machiavellian as much as to say, "This fellow is highly jealous of me but I can afford to treat him with generous consideration."

After inviting a little girl with a heavily laden basket to "get up on the plush," Darius touched up the horses, put the whip back in the stock and remarked to his hearers with a guileless air, "Queer guys, these English chaps! Always asking each other puzzles and cross-ticks. One of them says to me a couple of years ago, says he, 'Darius, there were twenty frogs what would a-wooin' go." If I mind right they wuz at Canterbury. All these puzzles happen at Canterbury. 'Now thirteen of these frogs jumped at once and at the same time,' says he. . . . . .

"Aw! Chappie there in the back seat, say it over again. I just disremember the rest of it." . . . . .

Nydia expresses her surprise when the driver speaks of "the going" as good. The grey-clodded road seems rough to her, and she wonders if it will be like this all the way. Still, the trail is bristling with novel sights and I can see her every moment is filled with delight. As she watches the ploughmen break long furrows in the tough hide of the soil, and how these turned-over sods are oil-bright in the sunlight, she confides to me that there is absolutely nothing to see in London. Never has she breathed so entrancing an odor as this which comes up from the newly-opened soil. On last Thanksgiving Day at the Abbey, the choir sang about "this land that was desolate," and how it had become "as a garden of the Lord." It was strange no one had told her this land was Canada. Surely some of the people knew.

With the see-all, learn-all proclivities of the newly-arrived traveller, Nydia wants to know what a "wheat train" is, and why people speak of a railway as "two streaks of rust and a right-of-way". Is it true that nearly all the men are bald from scraping off their scalps against the upper berth, and all the accidents happen because — ways grease their grades in order to make up lost time. W[illegible] which is "the jumping-off place" has read so much about, and why they call this God's Country?

The Padre, being tightly engaged in an argument, I am able to safely [illegible] that the god referred to is [illegible] Pan and not the Christ-God as [illegible] usually thought. Some to whom the wish is mother to the thought keep saying "Great Pan is dead," when, as a matter of fact, he has simply immigrated to Canada, having become inconveniently crowded in Greece, to escape nothing of his suffering from the asphyxia of classicality.

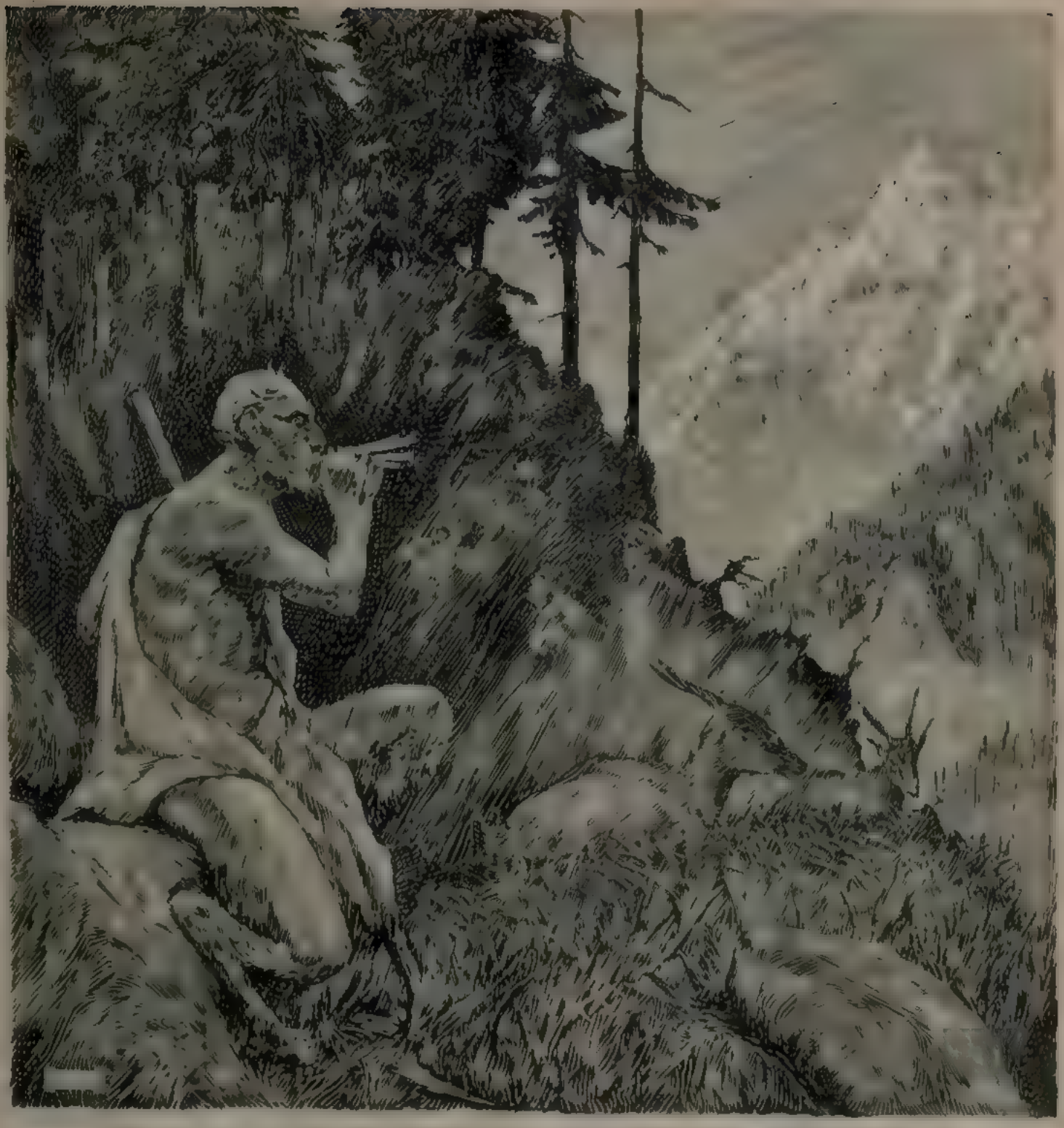
"But Pan was only a goat who loved a girl till she turned into a reed for fright," argues Nydia. "That must be why we say a drunken man is 'full as a goat.'"

"There are merits in your argument," I reply. "But the phrase 'full as a goat' is really a medical expression which has taken into disuse from being mispronounced. Originally, it was 'full as a goitre.' It is true Pan had the legs of a goat but, contrariwise, he had the head and body of a man. His name means *all* or *everywhere* and this is one reason the North is Pan's Country. He is in every part of it. It is he who makes our sentiments so that we care not a finger's fillip for 'the club opinion'. It is true some clever writers in Israel used the goat as a symbol of evil, and turned him loose in the wilderness bearing an imaginary load of sins on his shoulders, but it wouldn't be so strange, after all, if the scape-goat, in spite of the sins he carried, found plenty of food and water in the desert."

"What makes you think so," asks Nydia as she hands me her chocolate box for the second time, "much people believe otherwise."

"Oh, well! it's a way goats have," I answered lamely, not knowing what else to say. "You may have noticed, too, the horn of plenty has always been pictured as a goat's horn. Besides, no place is entirely a wilderness. There is always some kind of compensation."

"O-o-oh! then your country is Pan's Country because it has a horn of



"His name means *all* or *everywhere* and this is one reason the north is Pan's country. He is in every part of it"

pleasure ... aren't all a wilderness. What ... take him for your god."

"Yes, we think we are clever." I ... that ... from the ... and ... Pan is, therefore, particularly fitted to ...

... but finding it hard to ... there isn't any more to the story, except that Pan is the god of fecundity ...

... from other sounds?"

... than seven old crows; one sounds like the hissing of a whisper ... lonely horn or like the ...

You'll get to like his pipes and to answer back to him although you say nothing aloud."

"Which one do you like best [illegible] the girl. "Tell me that, will you.

"Pouf! that is easy. All of us like the chinook. What it says is 'somewhere,' which it drags out in long sighing sibilants. This is the warm dry wind that melts the snow and licks it up. It comes when we are wearied almost to death of the snow and cold That is why the Indians say this pipe is a great spirit and must be conciliated with dances and incantations to retain his favor."

All the day long, the stage passengers exchange words with the travellers on the road, and once an Indian says to us: "What cheer? What cheer?" after the manner of his tribesmen, meaning thereby "Good-day! How do you do?" Sometimes, we pass a team of shambling, yoke-weary oxen freighting goods for the homesteaders and outfits for the prospectors and surveyors. Again, it is a pack-train of skittish, blaze-faced bronchos that travel with burdens pliable to their gait; or a mounted policeman with jangling spurs, sitting on his horse like a heroic figure in bronze.

"You'd think these Right-about Johnnies had some money in their pockets, considering their appearance," cackles Darius. "Pshaw! They're just kind of trappers same as the rest of the fellows in the north, only they trap men. It's the government, I hear, that buys their clothes, and fine feathers make fine birds, even they are hawks and jays."

"U-hunh! some time, bimeby, this country will go back to the Indians," predicts Gregoire, the half-blood, who had been silent until now, "and then the poleece will see. Killers, that's what the poleece are. Long h'ago my brother Pierre has gone to the place of shutting-up each other, and there he became deceased. He fight Etienne Picard on de trap-line and Etienne he walk lame since ever, and he ees like one ol' man with space between his teeth.

"Bah! these poleece are evil dogs and after-comers, and I am quivering with rage because of them. Monsieur Pries', the sacreeficer, he ees unplease with me and say, 'Gregoire, you ver' wicked Indian to say hard talk 'bout poleece like that.' Huh! that pries' he not know things. All the time he read in talking-leaves. Ma foi! his head like the white dish of Babette, ma femme".

"What did you say to the priest, Gregoire, when he called you a wicked Indian?" asks the trader's wife

"Listen! I say not'ing. I hold myself proud. It ees like this way. All people are wicked even when they go to mass on praying day. It was like this from always h'ago."

"This Monsieur Pries', he say the Above Medicine Person ees dead in the skies. But I think that one beeg lie It ees foolish-like for Indians to have white god; that sure. He no understand Redman. White god like white man bes'. Listen! in the interior of my soul I am full of heavy thoughts 'bout white man's god and catch myse'f in a trap."

Nydia desires greatly to hear more of Gregoire's heresy, but the first stopping-place has been reached and all are descending. "Don't think that Gregoire is really a bad Indian," explains the trader's wife to the girl; "religion here consists largely in airing your heterodoxy. To be orthodox, is to be suspected of unheard-of things. And as for hating the police, Gregoire probably does, but only last winter when one of them was taken with pneumonia on the patrol and lay at Gregoire's cabin, he and Babette nursed him through the fever many days with the greatest devotion."

The stopping place to which the stage has come is kept by a homesteader and his wife, who supply food and shelter to wayfarers. The house is built of logs, but the clean white floor, whitewashed walls and severely-shining pans that hang in rows back of the stove, make the place cheerful and homelike. A halo of steam rises from the dish of meat just out of the oven, and the open door further discloses a generous pie browning to a turn.

Halloo! what a dinner it is in spite of the fact that Darius uses his fork to jab the potatoes out of the dish, his knife serving all other purposes. The English homesteader declares he likes having his meals at the stopping places better than at hotels for, in hotels, the haughty-nosed waitresses do nothing but hang over the chairs of the young men. Any proprietor who would have the courage to put bells on his tables, instead of leaving his guests to catch the eye of a feather-headed waitress as she trips down the room, would be sure to make a fortune. In this highly radical opinion the homesteader has the hearty support of all the travellers except that of a young sir who might most easily and most properly be described in the language of Montaigne as "an airie body and without holdfast." Everyone knows his viewpoint in that he primps himself like a prairie cock on a sheaf of wheat, twirls his little moustaches, smiles and says nothing. Oh! yes, all the girls are 'balmy' about him; anyone can see that, but then hearts are made to be broken, so where is the use of his being concerned.

Everyone is amused because the English girl speaks of the pie as a pie-pudding, and for declining the sweet corn because it looks like teeth. But if Nydia refuses the corn she makes [illegible] amends on the salted wild [illegible] which Mrs Maclean, the hostess, has baked in a stone dish with gravy, [illegible] and some little red peppers a relish not uncommon in the north, but [illegible] your whole soul into the pot.

[illegible] that is to say one in which no men [illegible] present— Mrs Maclean tells us tha [illegible] and Jim, her husband, are doing [illegible] but that often she is tired to [illegible] marrow-bones. Sometimes, in the [illegible] lady in an American serial with [illegible] broad-shouldered man in creased clothes by her side. They both looked so rested. Of course, the man [illegible] have to be Jim. She told him [illegible] and he said the [illegible] in getting married was that she lost [illegible] chance of being a romantic heroine except through the Senate where the Divorce Court sits.

"Hoots!" ejaculated the trader's wife, "you can say anything about marriage and be quite correct, marriage being a state in which two absolutely opposite opinions may be wholly true," —a definition offensive to our romantic sensibilities but wholly agreeable with our reasoning faculties.

The horses being again inspanned, Darius yodells the passengers to resume their seats in a manner that is amiable to the point of offence. Darius is one of those people who believe [illegible] receive what they give out, and so he permits no flaws to exist in his spirit of good fellowship. He has no crow to pluck with "the nobs" who travel this way, but gives the gold of his heart alike lavishly to cook's son, duke's son, and son of a hundred earls. In the opinion of the passengers, however, the government should legislate against any stage-driver being so offensively amiable.

Our afternoon's journey is without event, save when Night Hawk, a wickedly-shaped broncho, kicks the dashboard and cuts his foot so that he goes dead-lame and is unable to [illegible] faster than a walk [illegible] adapted to that of his mate, Bonn [illegible] a ring-boned, spavined makeshift. Her name, the driver explains, is short for *bonne-et-belle*, 'good and true'—this being the name given her by a young female person from Paris who married up here, but nearly went home again because when her sweetheart came to meet her he wore his blue derry clothes and his whiskers.

Bonnibel is one of those mares who always take a gloomy view of life, and besides this, she has 'a cricket' in her bit which she mouths continuously. There is no doubt in the world it was sheer irritation with Bonnibel that caused Night Hawk to lash out behind. [illegible] who has gone much in do[illegible]

"Moose, he say to Cree, 'Sit on my horns and I will take you to the spirit trail.'"

harness can tell about irresistible spells like these.

While we women are talking on these things, thunder breeding clouds are rolling up the sky and putting an edge to the air which, all day, has been hot like red flannel. The land keenly forefeeling the storm, has darkened with fear. Darius tries to make for cover but his lame horses are incapable of anything more than a walk, so that we are glad to seek shelter with some surveyors who have already hoisted their tent against the rain. The horses are sheltered within a spruce thicket while all of us huddle close under the canvas.

It is an awesome storm with its quivering lances of lightning against a sky of inky blackness! And how the rain hisses in the wind and grapples with the trees like they were living creatures! The men remark it will be a brute of a night, but the men are wrong for, after its debauch, it rolls away almost as quickly as it has come leaving a sky of triple-plated silver and an air that is triple-distilled.

The surveyors having asked us to stay till morning, and there being slight likelihood of our reaching a stopping-place before midnight, we decide to accept the heartily-proffered invitation. Soon, all hands are at work getting wood and making a fire, for men in the forest without a fire are men undone.

"I like the looks of these surveyors." [illegible] make me think of a place in the Bible which says, 'And behold there was a man whose appearance was like the appearance of brass, with a line of flax in his hand and a measuring reed.'"

"That's alright," interrupts the irrepressible Darius. "They're not any goslings, but I'd like them better if they got occupied with their cooking tools instead of spieling."

This is primarily meant for the surveyor who is showing the English girl the delicate art of lighting a fire with wet wood, and who has stopped in the lesson to explain how it is not a big blaze that counts in camp fires, but rather a blaze that is kept steady and is not blown about by the wind. "Green wood snivels and gives out much smoke," he continues, as a thin acrid tang rises on the air, "and so is good for summer when the flies are bad, but dry wood is for the winter. There is nothing like birch-bark, and tamarack logs, to make a healthy fire. I tell you 'the crackling of thorns under a pot' sounds mighty pleasant to a hungry fellow in the woods. Did you ever hear the purr of the fire and the soft words in which it talks to itself? No? Well, you listen to-night when the logs are half-burned and you'll be sure to catch it."

After a plentiful supper of bacon, bannocks and coffee, we watch the men preparing for the night. As the axemen come in with log after log for the camp-fire, one perforce recalls how *Ferdinand* was compelled to carry logs for *Prospero* and that he said, "I must remove some thousands of these logs and pile them upon a sore injunction."

When the men have finished their task, they stretch themselves upon the pine-cushioned ground where they enjoy the warmth of the fire and watch it in the luxury of semi-wakefulness. No one tells what he sees, but in my vision there are dragons, gape-mouthed gargoyles, and wide shapes that are anti-human. Waggish pixie people caper in the embers and little red shadow men appear and melt away like the chorus of a chorus opera.

There is a balm and spell in the air as though the land were under a soft sway. No sound disturbs the quietness save the crackling of tamarack logs and the whispering volubility of the birches and cottonwoods. Indeed, so quiet is the camp that life itself seems merged into the trees, the sky and the fire. Then one of the men, as he taps his pipe on a log to clear it of ashes, remarks he is always surprised at the bigness of the world when he lies on the ground and looks up at the sky, whereupon someone replies, from farther back in the shadows that the sky is not a part of the world at all, but infinity itself.

"Then where do these northern lights belong?" asks one, "they seem to be all the dreamstuff of the world suddenly turned into color, and used as a drop-curtain for the sky."

"It is my opinion, [illegible]" speaker with a hush in his voice, "that these are the flaming tresses of that woman who was the first great mother of men. Than the splendour of God there is nothing more beautiful."

"So ho! but you are wrong, sir," bursts out the city youth who is chairman. "'Tis not the hair of the great mother at all, but her skirt, and see! it is frayed at the edge."

And so all of us tell our fancies, no one so much as hints at refraction, polarization, or the corpuscular theory.

One says these lithe swift lights are the tail of heaven's peacock; or that they form a great weaver's loom where angels make silken skins for little babies, while another [illegible] shadow of hell.

"Painting the town up [illegible] that's what they are doing," blurts out Darius, or maybe

Continued on page 458

Lieutenant Trask's Stage Fright

By Homer Saint-Gaudens

Illustrated by John Edwin Jackson

THAT evening no smiling mess attendant brought Trask the burned matches that signified a desire for his presence at the drinking of cocktails. Therefore he set gloomily before the white mess table with only the impatient executive, who might not join in the libation because of his exalted position, and Trask's sole friend, the antiquated paymaster, who could not join because of his liver.

"Keep your kick, Fred," said the paymaster, appreciating the snub.

"'Culpable inefficiency in the performance of duty!' Every man in the outfit knows it's a long word for cowardice," Trask muttered.

The paymaster laid his hand gently on the lieutenant's knee. "Wait," he urged. "That was just a court of inquiry."

"Did you ever hear of their findings being reversed by the court martial?"

"Yes—for men. Keep a man's punch."

Then, as the twelve members of the mess filed in "refreshed," Trask set up through the meal his shield of sullen reserve. At its end he rose quickly.

"Stop and rattle the box for the cigars," volunteered the paymaster.

Trask hesitated in the vain dull hope that some one might second the suggestion. None did.

"I guess not," he said.

"Hold on!" persisted his friend in a low tone. "We'll go right up for our seats at the minstrel show on the foretaste."

Trask shook his head as he disappeared through the green curtain at his room door and threw himself upon his high bunk. He knew that at the "show" he would find the girl to whom he had been engaged, on the ship for the evening, sitting among the officers who were disowning him. So he lay on his back, staring upward with flushed face and glazed eyes as he rehearsed once more each detail of his tragedy.

His hour of suffering had begun three weeks past, upon what he thought was to be his day of days, when Ruth, his betrothed, daughter of the fleet admiral, had come to visit the wife of an officer at the Guantanamo Naval Station through her eagerness to see her "dear papa," since, unfortunately, women might not live aboard a man-of-war. Naturally "dear papa" had been busy. So, after dinner on the flagship, Trask had explained to her that, before time to go ashore, they could best watch the moon rise from behind the tumbled Cuban mountains if they hid in a corner of the superstructure reached only by a ladder that rattled at the approach of any stranger. There they had gone. There they had enjoyed an all too short space of love prattle. Then some officers had drawn their chairs into a circle on the quarter deck directly below them to discuss the gossip of the hour.

Trask could recall virtually every word he had heard from their top-sides nook under the six-pounder rifle. The deadly level of those accusing voices had been a lash that burned his soul.

The first had said: "When the old man leaves the outfit to be president of that armor plant, he's taking Fred Trask with him."

"Lord! What a cinch!" had protested another whom Trask recognized as the ordance officer, a lieutenant commander twenty years his senior, and naturally jealous of Trask's command, the fleet tender and admiral's yacht. "That's what comes of warping up to the chief owner's daughter. I hear Trask got the "Claremont" within a week after she accepted him. Now it's 'voluntary retirement' for an easy berth on shore!"

A pause had followed before Lieutenant Casse, for the first time in charge of the forward turret, spoke with a vehemence that made Trask, imprisoned, an unwilling eavesdropper, burn with a vital heat.

"I'm right glad flat he's going to crawfish. He's a coward!"

"What?" the others had exclaimed. Casse never dealt in promiscuous gossip.

"It's all right to resign. Then you get no favors," Casse had continued. "But the man who goes into voluntary retirement and accepts money when he is not working is just one of two breeds of yellow dog. Either he's so weak he can't keep up, the kind that is late on watch and leaves his job to his petty officers, or he's a coward. Trask is a coward!"

Below, there had come no response. It is not customary to question an officer's courage. Above, Trask had felt Ruth clutch his hand as her breath caught, while his own nerves, taut as hawsers, had waited for the account of his actions on a day he remembered only too well.

Casse's voice had risen level in its veraciousness. "I first got on to it when I was under him the time his landing force was most bottled up by the Filipinos in Palaman.

"That was a peach of a place to reach from a ship—two miles inland across baked clay flats. We couldn't see anything 'cept pink kerlews. But some one was playing monkey on a crazy-looking hill that set up above five hundred feet in the centre of a delta near a mile from the town for they 'sniped' at us all the way over. As there wasn't any cover bigger than an ant lion crater it didn't exactly calm our nerves. They needed calming, too. Because, after we'd made about three hundred yards into that town, with only five million lizards for inhabitants, 'crack' and one of our men went down like a small boy who's tripped over a croquet wicket, while our pet manikin guide came running in to tell us we'd been caught.

"He hadn't more than said it when Fred jumped at me. 'Here, Casse, find some cover!' he cried, 'I've got an idea.' And grabbing the dead man's Lee and ammunition he started on a run for a bamboo church tower that stuck up from among the banana plants.

"We pumped it into them till your gun would hiss if you spit on its breech. But when they set fire to the nipa huts we had backed up against, I concluded it was time to write home. That moment, though, darned if they didn't get into a fight among themselves. I could hear shots over by the church—so, of course, we cleaned 'em out.

"Then, if you please, as soon as it was quiet as Sunday in Philadelphia, Fred came in sight eating a pawpaw and trying to look as though he wasn't so scared he had icicles on him.

"'I thought I'd give you some absent treatment,' he said with a sickly smile.

"Of course I couldn't ask him where he'd been., But I thought some when he didn't volunteer any further information.

"The next morning I got it for certain after we decided we'd go for that hill as the point in the whole landscape to hold. I learned a bit later that at that very day and hour the native army decided it wanted that natural pyramid, too, but were afraid we'd catch 'em on the way over the flats, when they'd be as easy to see as one of their green humming birds. So they played it on us instead. They waited till we were good and clear from the last bunch of bamboo. Then they threw it into us. One of us dropped with a guggle like a sucking bilge pump. The rest of us—well, as it wasn't any San Juan with a press agent for every man and five for future presidents, we lay down quick in a lucky paddy dyke while we blew the dust out of our sights and the young doc slapped on a few 'first aids'.

"As it seemed both tactics and strategy to make that hill by rushes firing back at 'em on the way, we watched Fred hard, waiting for the word. First, I thought he had sand in his belly. For while the rest of us hugged mother earth he stood up as fine a target as you please and waved his arm toward the hill Then he glanced down at our forty odd pairs of eyes watching him and then, by the Lord, he flunked it'

"I know that just that instant he did spring a leak in his shoulder. But that wasn't a man's reason. when he caught us looking at him, for his face changed till it resembled a wet newspaper. Even Jay and Westgate, so sick with dysentery their mates had to lug their rifles, would have gone through with it after any kind of a leader. But when they saw him standing there is such a funk that he never knew he'd been hit till the surgeon did him up, why, some of 'em started to crawl back, and the next minute they were all headed for home too fast to be stopped.

"Now, though I'm not given to yelling over the honor of this white mess jacket of Uncle Sam's, you can take it from me Fred isn't a man to stand aft starboard and salute the colors on any ship."

Casse's words had cut into Trask's memory. But what ensued Trask never recollected. All he knew was that when his reason did return to

Trask felt Ruth clutch his hand as her breath caught "Is it true?" she whispered

wrestle with his misery, the group below had dispersed and Ruth sat as far from him as the upper-deck gallery permitted

"Is it true?" she had whispered.

With searing vividness he pictured again his collapse before Ruth's question. He had stared at the deck Casse's first charge he had known to be groundless. Instead of playing the coward that day, in the face of an imagined certainty that he would be found in the belfry and killed, he had timed a few skillful shots to make the Filipino's believe they were fighting among themselves. But the second count had seared his brain with the clearness of its incomprehensible accuracy. As that expedition had furnished him with his initial venture on his own responsibility, he had continually rehearsed what his actions would be in all possible situations. Yet, when there had come one of these very moment and he had seen those in his charge waiting upon him, he had failed. Therefore he had stood before Ruth remembering only too distinctly that inability to resist a sudden bewildering cowardice he could not understand. He had answered: "Yes, God knows why!'

Then Ruth had slipped from her finger her engagement ring. Trask's [illegible] ate "class" ring [illegible] but not give it [illegible], holding it in her hand, spoke gently as if realizing that it lay with her to crush her lover or to redeem him. "I shall keep your ring—and wait,'

At that the color had deepened once more in Trask's eyes while he rose to his feet

"It won't be long," he remembered replying. "I shan't leave the outfit with everybody expecting me to sound the whistle and hoist the breakdown flag as I drop out of line."

For a time directly following that evening when he and Ruth had overheard Casse's story the fleet had leisurely prepared for target practice. Then, one morning, it had waked to learn of another gigantic earthquake in one of the fickle Leeward Islands The prompt departure of the first squadron and the "Claremont," on which Ruth was permitted to voyage since she had volunteered as a nurse, the bitter details of work that followed, remained confused to him, as did the almost international quarrel that had delayed his return t Guantanamo with the admiral and his daughter on the Claremont, until three days after the fleet had sailed. But the ensuing storm, so intimately connected with his disgrace, he recalled in its every detail from the moment his executive officer had come to him on the bridge, where he had been [illegible] the flying fish leap in the blue Gulf waters, and had explained "The mercury's falling p[illegible]

Trask had gone below, to return with a serious face. Before him he knew lay not only his first real test with his first ship, but his coveted opportunity of showing Ruth and his fellow officers that he was a man. He could permit no slip or error at that moment.

"Make all as secure as you can," he had said. "With her high engines and flattish bottom she's not the ship to meet a manhandling."

By noon the sky had turned a dirty yellow, and a dusky olive swell had risen ominously while the wind had freshened with a long hooting cry from out of the northeast. Then a great blot of ink had loomed above the horizon. The wind had grown and grown until it pitched the sea to leeward in heaps and ripped strips of canvas from the bridge rails. Rain had come in steel-like lines that blurred the blue-green brows of the rollers. Sleet had followed, and, as dusk fell, white swirls of snow had driven out of the gray ahead.

With barely enough speed in the "Claremont's" engines to give her steerage way Trask had thrust her into the tumult. Vividly he recalled how from then on, at his post between wheel and engine-room indicator, he had watched the breach of the crests over her bows through a period that sent three quartermasters below, weak from their tricks at the wheel. Hour by hour the giddy sheer of her decks had grown steeper. Hour by hour, as her nose sank into each weltering hollow, the maddened race of her engines had increased. Yet soaked, incrusted gray with salt, the nervous intensity of his vision had never relaxed until a gulp of coffee had been forced on him by Ruth who, unheeded, had joined the little party on the bridge.

Then the play of the planks had become more and more wild until once, for full thirty seconds, the engines had ceased their throb. At that, with but scant confidence in the ability of his chief engineer, he had left his second in command in charge of the bridge while he staggered below.

Down he had slipped at the dip of a sickening plunge to the engine room where an ensign met him with a gesture toward her frothing bilge.

"Wish we had a double bottom," the youngster had bawled.

Trask had mentally agreed. But a steaming torrent fell upon her cylinders; so, steadying himself to the wild lurch, he had looked quickly upward. "How long has the hatch been overboard?"

"Twenty minutes, sir. And every dead-light in the deck's worked loose." Here the ensign, motioning to the clacking, overtasked pumps, had put his lips close to Trash's ear. "They can just keep the water from the fireplates as it is, sir. The main feed's started a noise like Ringling's circus. Also next to nothing is holding the water from lifting' from her boilers into her cylinders. If they ever 'prime,' it's mud or moon!"

Trash had nodded soberly. "The speaking tube's carried away. Crawl up and warn me when it gets too bad," he had yelled.

Then he had clawed his passage on deck again to reach the bridge ladder just as the "Claremont" dug fairly under a sea that came aboard smooth and sprayless. It tore up the forward port bulwarks. It wrapped them around a three-inch rifle. It swept the gun away as if a cold chisel had cut the bolts. Catching the bridge like the lid of a sardine box, it bent the paltform up against the searchlight braces. Then running aft it wiped the deck flat. "Spud-lockers," ice box, boats, all went overboard. Trask had felt himself an age under water, drawn horizontal by the roaring current, his arms numb with straining. When at last he fell upon the steps, dumb with fatigue and malignant forebodings, an unheeded cut had gaped red on his chin.

Intent only upon his task he had struggled upward to his battered platform. That Ruth was safe in her father's arms meant nothing. The little party about him had possessed scarcely more significance than so many iron stanchions on this ship he was fighting to save. Even the form of a messenger doubled around the indicator pillar like a lump of putty-stuffed oil-skins had aroused no emotion as he sent for men to take the boy below.

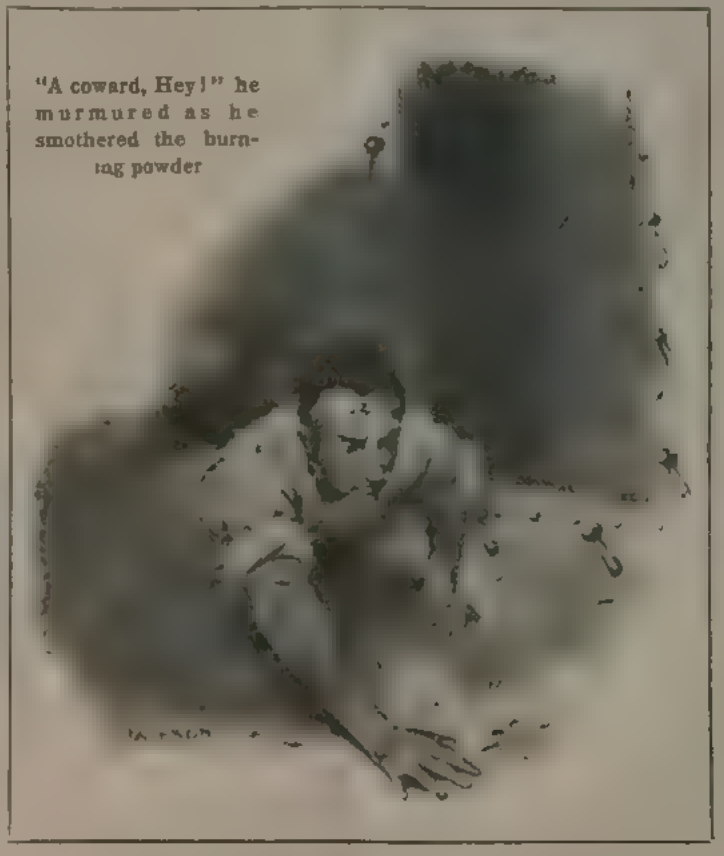
The assistance had come, together with his chief engineer, just in time to meet another dizzy crash. When it had passed, all save the quartermaster, lashed to his wheel, found themselves tumbled into one soggy heap upon the the boy's dead body in the starboard corner of that scrap-heap called the bridge. Then as Trask staggered to his feet, dazed from a blow on his head, his nerves torn by the strain of the night, the engineer had reached him and called in his ear.

"For God's sake, sir, keep her to it! I can't see why she hasn't blown up by now. If she yaws in one of those seas her cylinders will sure go!"

Whereupon, with the words not all out of his mouth, dead ahead from that race of snow, had lurched the bows of a Jamaica liner, running before the imminent black slopes.

Trask had been allowed but the barest instant to choose. If he held his course it appeared that he would strike the liner and sink both ships. Obviously he must "fall off" to one side or the other. That act was most perilous. For should his ship yaw wildly in the heave of the sea an explosion would inevitably send her to the bottom. The call was imperative for strong nerves to make fine distinctions and give quick commands. Yet even while his directions to his quartermaster rose to Trask's lips, his eyes had caught the figures of Ruth, his men, passenger. There they clung, staring at him accepting decision of his strength. At that instant sight of the girl's forgiving face, of the admiral's set mouth, of the expressionless seamen by the dead body, the mettle of Trask's heart had weakened. And as the "Claremont" heaved up under the bows of the liner he had stood, feeble, motionless, dumb in idiotic terror, when a keen-eyed courage should have prompted his instant action.

For a second the merchant ship had hung above them as if to fall upon the bridge when she roared downward. Then, by the luck that protects sailors,



"A coward, Hey!" he murmured as he smothered the burning powder

she thundered past, flooding the "Claremont's" decks with the wave from her bows.

"You couldn't have slipped a copy of the Lord's Prayer between us," he had heard his executive officer mutter

"Take the bridge, sir," Trask had whispered, weak as dishwater, and had stumbled below

Once in his cabin he had torn his nails in the gloomy fury of his nerve while his befogged thought returned to tell him how he had failed in his crucial test. He had understood the fear that had stabbed him no better than he had explained the terror that had mastered him that day in the Philippines. He had made no effort to acquit or to condemn himself He had sat and suffered, his course in doubt, until the raw edge of dawn blinking through his port had sent him back to his bridge and the infuriated admiral

"Sir!" the old man had cried, "I've heard stories of you I could not believe. But I've seen. You're a coward! Damned if I

Hour by hour, soaked, incrusted gray with salt, the nervous intensity of his vision had never relaxed until Ruth forced a cup of coffee on him

the flagship, a pariah,

life without even a companion to give him strength, no "why" was vouchsafed So he shivered on his bunk as a ur to be

Slowly his emotion spent itself, until last he sat up with his half-frantic nerves under some control. He felt faint, nauseated. His breath quivered in his dry nostrils. His swollen tongue vainly at the ship's side. His room within the armor belt had no porthole Forgetful of the "canned air" tube that open, he stumbled up on to the quarter deck, deserted save for the exasperated midshipman on duty.

From the forecastle came the brazen clamor of the marine band; whereupon Trask remembered the minstrel show in progress. If he went there the music and the songs might draw his thoughts from those bitter memories. If he went there he must needs meet Ruth who had come aboard from the naval station to see the entertainment. At the thought of her, of the saint's whisper of her voice, his pulse halted as if waiting his permission to begin again Then came to him the memory of a solitary corner of the flagship's bridge where, unnoticed, he might look down upon the audience of white-caps and officers. Two minutes later I peering over the bridge rail gazing empty-eyed at the stag

Obviously the act in progress was puffle Trask craved the appearance one Tenney that he knew could not be long delayed. Through many dreary Sundays at sea Tenney had held the reputation of being the chief

officers' quarters with a chosen few of his friends, and of singing to them inimitably, accompanied by a dilapidated banjo. Now that Tenney was about to make his first public appearance great store was set by what he would do when nerved to meet the demand. Trask's officer's heart ached for the popularity of the man, a popularity founded on more than a winning voice. For Tenney held title to what Trask would give his soul to possess an acknowledged bravery among brave men, gained when, to save his companions lives at deadliest peril to his own, he had stood in scalding steam by a blown-out boiler tube and had closed the necessary valves. Just such a chance had been given Trask —and he had failed. Wave after wave of memory tolled through his brain

Then at last Tenney stepped upon the forecastle stage, Tenney the brave, Tenney the charmer He swung out into the glare of the ship-made calcium lights. He stood before the blur of intent, alien

mality of raising a cheerful voice among friends, from the strained horror of a "public appearance." In his school days he had exerted the strongest of influences in his class, though always carefully without responsibilities until the hour of his graduation when before countless papas and mammas, he had been presented to speak head. Even now he remembers keenly how at the shock audience, a public that for the first time demanded exhibition of his talents, his lips had

minute of untold

Current Events in Review

Comments by the Leading Periodicals Upon Affairs of Interest in the Dominion and Empire

"Herr" William Randolph Hearst

Samuel Hopkins Adams in the New York Tribune shows how he covertly criticises the allies, hurls anathema at England and imputes enmity to Japan. His Teutonic polices are expressed in editorial sentiments which the German press in America and Mexico admiringly adopts

IN a former article in the Tribune William Randolph Hearst was presented, through the medium of his own editorial utterances, as a fervid apostle of peace. His brand of peace bore the unmistakable hallmark "Made in Germany." The voice was the voice of the dove, but the talons were the talons of the two-headed eagle. Every argument and plea, actually made for the Kaiser's best advantage, was ostensibly put forth on behalf of America, for whose fortunes Hearst feared, for the lives of whose sons Hearst trembled, should we continue at war with the formidable and admired German nation.

Now we shall see "America's ablest and most powerful editor" in another and truer role. When he thinks it safe to show himself in his real colors he appears as the friend and admirer—almost the adorer—of Germany. He exhibits in a marked degree that quality of fetich worship which the Germans themselves call "schwarmerei," an epithet of silliness which may appropriately be rendered into English by saying that he has a "crush" on all things German. Both directly and indirectly this finds frequent expression in the Hearst publications: directly in his professed pro-Germanism; indirectly in his abuse and misrepresentation of whatever nation threatens or opposes German supremacy. Though for long these nations have been moral and prospective allies of the United States, and are now in stern fact our allies, Hearst spews his Teutonic venom upon them at every opportunity. Mr William R. Hearst is transformed into Herr Wilhelm R. Hearst.

His alien-tongued newspaper, "The Deutsches Journal," carries the headline "America's Greatest German Newspaper." The same boast might as truthfully be made for every other exponent of daily journalism under the Hearst brand. No other American editor has been so widely and so approvingly quoted by the German-language press, both in this country and in Mexico, as Herr Hearst. Often he gives the avowed Germans their keynote, particularly when he is denouncing the supposed selfishness, bad faith, or the subtle schemes of those nations which are now allied with us against Germany. England and Japan are his special *betes noires;* but he is not above taking a fling at Belgium, France or Russia. Any ally of the United States is fair game for the Kaiser-inspired sneers.

Open praise of Germany he does not indulge in so often now as formerly; but there is plenty of direct evidence bearing upon his loyal admiration of "Deutschtum" and all that it implies in ruthless imperialism. Take, for example, this passage from his "Deutsches Journal," published early in 1917, when war between this country and Germany was imminent:

"Never before has a war been so clearly and exclusively waged for the sake of culture, and of culture alone, as this immense and atrocious struggle, in which all moral, intellectual and material forces are collectively employed. Millions of hearts, millions of human ideas, materialized air and fire, gold and earth, iron and light, and all that for no other purpose but to find out whether the luminous German thought shall be victorious or not in Europe. . . . Nobody knows better than the leading statesmen of England that Prussian militarism is absolutely identical with what one means by modern culture. German thought would perish if England were victorious."

This is the same voice, though with a slightly broader accent, which signalized the recall of Ambassador Gerard by wailing editorially that the success of the Allies would mean the destruction of "the most progressive nation in Europe."

"Sensible Americans," thinks Mr. Hearst, "have no antipathy to the German government" (which at the time of this writing had been sending scores of them to the bottom of the sea, and had established its diplomatic corps in this country as the central organization of a campaign of wholesale destruction and murder), . . . "and we should never go to war at the command of a single individual."

Certainly Hearst himself feels no antipathy to the most brutish of German war methods, the drowning of helpless non-combatants by U-boats for he thus admonishes the American people:

"Particularly do we deplore the sentiment which has been fostered against the submarine. . . . We are making a terrible mistake in this sentimental objection to submarine warfare."

As between the national ideals and character of the Allies and of Germany, Herr Hearst's Teutonized mind can perceive no distinction in favor of the former.

"To speak of this war as a war between an alliance of democracies and an alliance of autocracies, between a league of free peoples and a league of despots, is to speak foolishly. . . . What well-informed person believes that either Rumania, or Serbia, or Belgium, or Italy is, or ever has been, a democracy; or that either the German Empire or the Empire of Austria-Hungary is an autocracy?"

Little confidence has Herr Hearst in the honor or purposes of the Allied nations.

"No sensible man" ('sensible man" of course means a disciple of Hearstism) "will believe the assurance of the Allies that they fight for humanity and the rights of small nations. As far as the European nations are concerned, this war is nothing but a business proposition."

History is summoned up to put the Allies in the worst possible light toward the United States, and it is recalled (from the Hearst yellow book of German propaganda) that France and England once made war upon Mexico "with the object of disrupting the American Union."

Our own claims of disinterestedness in the war Herr Hearst stigmatizes as "the butt of European diplomatic ridicule," adding, for good measure, that no European government can be relied upon to keep its word of honor. Which perhaps explains why Herr Hearst is

quite willing to see the Allies beaten. He proclaims:

"We are fighting for American defence not to save the Allies from defeat."

At the thought of possible German defeat, however, he bristles forth into veiled threats:

"If either alliance should emerge the victor from this war, another war would arise at the very moment in the future when the vanquished felt strong enough to renew the contest."

Naturally he is hailed by the disloyal German-American forces as a guiding light. Hark to the "New Jersey Freie-Zeitung" of August 16 last, one of the most virulently German publications in the country:

"On the editorial side pleasing clearness of vision often reigns and the endeavor to let right and understanding rule and likewise an outspoken distrust of anglomania." However, the Newark organ of the Kaiser fails to recognize and appreciate its fellow propagandist's shrewd camouflage, and takes lively exception to the Raemaekers cartoons. Because of these (and perhaps of the flag display) the "Freie-Zeitung" finds the Hearst front page regrettably different, and observes that "this paper tries to ride two horses running in opposite directions."

One Hearst horse, at least, tilts consistently in one direction so far as Great Britain is concerned. England is eternal anathema to Hearst. He echoes the "Hymn of Hate" wherever opportunity offers. His voice speaks for the Kaiser-worshipping hyphenates in this country. Barely a fortnight before our declaration of war a Hearst paper editorialized to this effect:

"The German-Americans sympathize with Germany because they regard an English victory as an evil to the whole world."

While Hearst did not openly lend countenance to the hyphenate rejoicings over the fate of the "Lusitania," he [illegible] his characteristically British-hating role in the crisis which followed. In his view the British, not the Germans, were responsible for that tragedy. He [illegible] the British Admiralty for not having more effectively protected the liner. To Herr Hearst the unfortunate Americans slaughtered by the Kaiser's U-boat are simply "foolhardy persons who voyage in belligerent ships through sea war-zones," and who therefore, presumably, deserved their fate. As for the real cause of the dreadful death list, Herr Hearst promulgated a theory worthy of the subtlest Teutonic intellect. It was not really the U-boat that killed all those "foolhardy" Americans. On the contrary: "Incompetency of the Lusitania Crew Responsible for the Great Loss of Human Lives," according to the Hearst headline.

Anyway, Herr Hearst, thinking along right Teutonic lines, cannot quite see why the excitable Americans should be so stirred up about it.

"It is to be hoped that this indignation will soon be replaced by a cooler conception of the situation," . . . philosophizes Hearst's "Deutsches Journal". "It is of no purpose to appeal to international law and to prove that the British first violated international treaties designed to make war more humane."

Again we find the implication of uncomprehending surprise over American resentment in this comment upon a report that the Allies' airmen had bombed an unfortified town:

"This report is very seasonable, because the Americans are especially indignant that women and children who happened to be aboard the Lusitania were killed."

Apropos of the diplomatic correspondence with Great Britain over American rights on the high seas, Herr Hearst vents both his anglophobia and his spite against President Wilson for the latter's stand against the U-boat warfare:

"The English Government's answer to the American note has finally arrived after four months. Every American protest has been repudiated as unjust in this answer, with an unheard-of-impertinence. Mr. Professor in the White House has now a chance to show what he meant when he wrote to Berlin: 'The American Government will continue to strive for the freedom of the seas without compromise and by all means'."

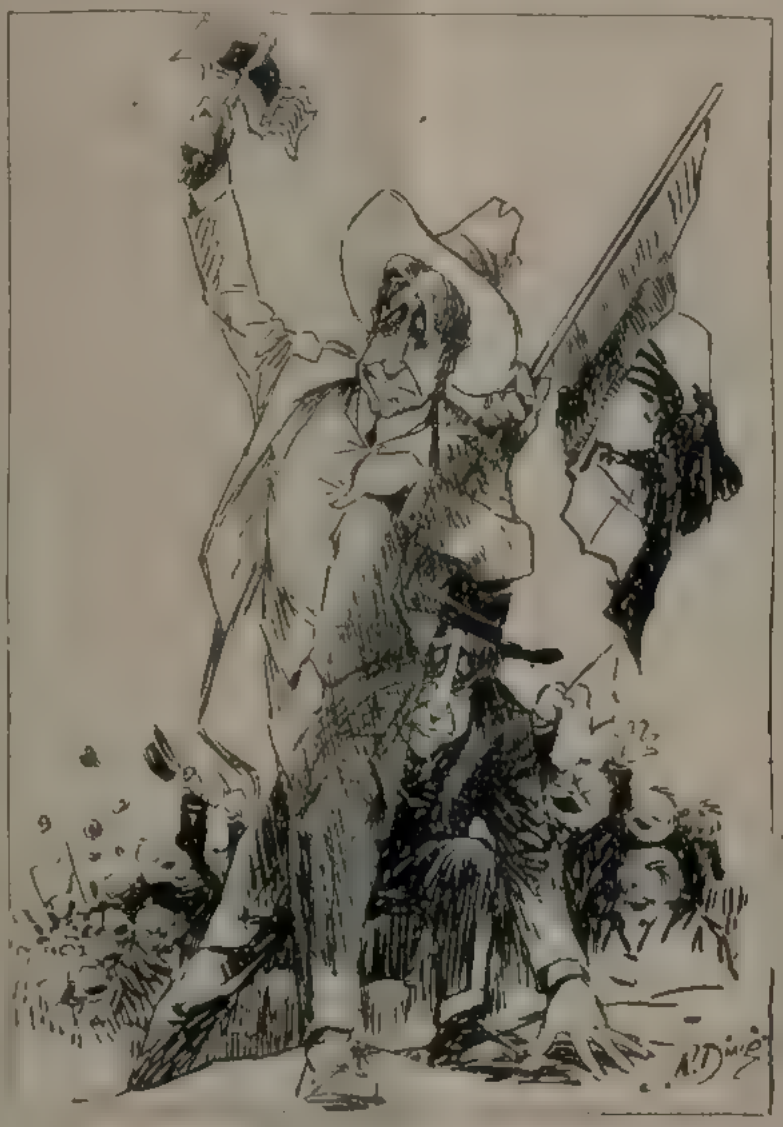
The "Deutsches Journal" contributed this. Later it demanded an American embargo against England on the charge that England was interfering with our commerce.

The Sussex sinking was made the occasion of a truly Hearstliche outburst. But not against the German depredators. Far from it! Against the British, as usual, with an inferential justification of the U-boat policy:

"We must maintain our rights, the safety of our ships and the freedom of the seas with the same boldness, the same peremptoriness and the same determination against any aggr[illegible] . . . against German submarine warfare and against British cruiser warfare. This is the only cours[illegible] self-respecting people."

Which is all very straight, sound American doctrine so far. But now Mr. Hearst changes abruptly to Herr Hearst:

"And, so far as we can see, that is



DING in the New York Tribune

The Star-Spangled Shammer

the only request which Germany couples with her frank compliance with our demands."

Further, the Kaiser's chief American propagandist twists the Sussex matter to the uses of his own policy and of prospective Hearst profits by making it a peg upon which to hang another of his blood-curdling yawps for war with Mexico.

On the verge of war Herr Hearst could see nothing in this nation's participation in the struggle other than a cat's paw-move for the benefit of the hated English

"The pro-British newspapers of New York are mistaken in assuming that they could make the public dissipate the money of this country in the interest of the Allies and send the youth of this country to the European slaughter house to do a favor to a foreign government. The representative of the people who first would make such a motion in Congress would be censored in an unmistakable manner by the people."

War itself, when (despite this assured prophecy) it was declared by the United States, inspired Herr Hearst to spasms of vari-colored mock-patriotism on his front page, but otherwise served only to render him a little less outspoken in his anglophobia. In a style of bombasticism suggesting some of his patron's imperialistic manifestos he proclaims, on April 24:

"We openly state to Washington that the whole nation . . . is willing to make an American war for America's rights and interests, but that the majority, and the great majority at that, is not willing at all—to state it mildly—to fight for England."

Four months later he is still harping upon this same string of England's advantage.

"The President's reply to the Pope's peace message MAY be the reply of all the Allies. But unless we have forgotten the ways of the English, studied at close range for several years, there is just something of a 'sour note' in their joyous appreciation of Mr. Wilson's answer. Possibly he emphasized a little too strongly for English taste the fact that America really wants NOTHING but peace. Some others abroad would like just a leetle something more substantial than peace, when settlement comes. It has not been England's custom to go to a peace conference after victory and return with an empty satchel."

Of late, however, Herr Hearst's bitterness of spirit has been alloyed with some cold drops of caution. German though he remains in his soul, he preserves enough of his American shrewdness, perhaps, to realize that there is a point beyond which it is not safe to reckon upon the forbearance of the Yankee temper. Hence one is less likely to now discover open editorial pro-Germanism than the slyer inuendo of hint and suggestion, or the subtle but powerful influence of picture or cartoon. With what shameless perversion the Kaiserling of the press uses the camera for his purposes is well illustrated by a photograph upon which a typical editorial is based. The picture shows two Canadian officers bending over a riddled helmet which one of them holds. Their attitude and expression would suggest (to a normal mind) that they were medical men studying the effects of high-power missiles on modern armor. There are gravity and attentiveness in their faces. But Hearst doesn't read it that way. He interprets the picture as that of two Allied brutes gloating over the fate of a slaughtered foe, and headlines it: "His Skull Was Shattered. Ha! Ha!"

"There was once the head of a German soldier inside this steel helmet. . . . The Canadian officer is telling what a good joke it was. . . . If this were a picture of a German officer laughing as he described the splintering of a Frenchman's or an Englishman's head, we should all say, 'What Hun brutality!'

Next to England Herr Hearst hates (or pretends for Germany's sake to hate) Japan. From the early days of his newspaper career he has been an occasional Jap-baiter. But this was merely an incident of his general editorial policy until the world war was begun and Japan cast her lot in with the Allies. From that time Hearst became, editorially, a violent agitator against Japan and all things Japanese. The most far-reaching instrument of his propaganda has been the moving picture "Patria," which centres upon a Japanese plot to conquer the United States through Mexico. Detailed description of the picture, with its subtle appeals to race and national prejudice and its obvious incitements to hatred of the Oriental Empire, is not necessary here. Sufficient light upon its general purport is thrown by the synopsis given in the Hearst papers themselves.

"Baron Huroki of Aokio (presumably a misprint for Tokio) conspiring to embroil the United States and Mexico in order to pave the way for the Japanese invasion of the Pacific Coast, is hunted from the country," etc., etc.

It is true that, in consequence of a threatened movement to suppress the film in the Far West, the producers "censored" it to the extent of altering the Japanese names and giving them a Mexican tinge. But they did not change the faces or the uniforms; these remain unmistakably Japanese. Thus we have in the motion picture theatres all over the country a play presenting our ally nation in the act of plotting and warring against this country. Imagine what would happen to a producer in England who pictured France as proving traitor to her British ally! Or a film in Italy the implied purpose of which was to arouse hatred of Russia! Our European allies, awake as they are to the deadly seriousness of this war, do not "suffer Hearst gladly."

In his editorial columns and cartoons Hearst ably backs his hatred-inciting "movie." He has long preached that "Japan hopes and expects to dominate the Pacific Ocean." This is the sort of thing that Hearst, in his eagerness to serve the German cause, was perpetrating in 1916:

"Day by day we play Japan's game. We work ourselves into a furious rage of partisanship over the war in Europe, which is not aimed at us at all. . . . Japan steadily pursues her preparation for war upon us."

This is followed up by a typical Hearst cartoon, representing Japan as a crafty and prowling cat; also by threatening letters purporting to emanate from Japanese subjects. Again the Hearst papers proclaim, [illegible] the government of the United States:

"If you should decide upon [illegible] that inevitably means war with Germany, that moment Japan would prepare to strike her blow at us. . . . and Japan would most certainly forsake the Allies and join the Teutonic powers in order to be free to strike her blow at us."

As the entry of this country into the war grew nearer and nearer Hearst continued beating furiously the anti-Jap tom-tom. As a specimen of his genius for prophecy, take this, which was published early last March:

"The plain probabilities in the event of unlikely but still possible disaster are that Mexico would take our Southwest and restore it to barbarism, that Japan would take the Pacific Coast," etc., etc

Doings in Dingbat Land

Verses by Ida Spragge Costain Drawings by Dudley Ward

In [illegible] month's issue was described the Dingbat land who live in the land of the moon. Their king, tiring of [illegible] stool, homely queen, sought a new wife among the beauteous maids [illegible] own domain. His choice fell on Columbine, the daughter of Crusty the shoe-mender. She, however, refused his suit and elopes with her lover, Stoutheart, on their friend the elephant. Hey The king and her father set out in pursuit

Though frantic with fear, of their foes now so near,
Old Boy and the lovers sped on.
[illegible]
Though hope of escape now seemed gone.

"Come back, now, I say!" Roared the King. "Or you'll pay.
With a punishment words cannot tell!"
When heels over head went his Dingbitch, and dead
As a door-nail, it lay where it fell

Gay-Dog [illegible]
Swore roundly in utter dismay.
With [illegible] King
"You can catch us [illegible] well, some other day!"

But on their own feet the Dingbats were fleet
On the fugitives' heels they soon came
Of [illegible]
But he held to his speed just the same

Aiming blows with his stick Old Crusty cried: "Quick!
Miss Columbine, come when I say
Do you think now," raged he, "that I'll cheated be
Of my place in the palace so gay!"

"With [illegible] Gay-Dog would no favor refuse
[illegible]
Would I spend my time sewing old shoe

But with blows left and right bold Strongheart did fight,
As he plied his long whip with a will.
"Old Crusty," said he, "your daughter weds me!"
Then off galloped Bey down the hill.

Now the fairies had heard from a little love bird,
How the lovers were chased thro' the land
And quickly the call went around to them all—
"Surround King Gay-Dog and his band."

So the Dingbats were caught though they promised a pot
Full of wonderful jewels and gold.
If they could go free. But by fairy decree:
"You as captives for ten years we'll hold!"

"For know ye, O King, that it's not quite the thing
To be casting sheep's eyes at a maid.
For the sake of her face or her form—a disgrace
To the Dingbats you are—I'm afraid."

Thus the Fairy Queen spoke But the King's heart it broke.
To think of his home far away
And he longed for his queen, though stout she had been
"For my folly I dearly must pay.'

Then the fairies set sail on a fleecy cloud's tail,
And carried the Dingbats away,
To live in their land as the Queen did command
For ten dreary years and a day

Now the sad Dingbats knew they couldn't hope to
Escape since their Dingritch was dead
And though they did try like the fairies to fly,
They just skinned their noses instead

But Crusty one day whispered: "Listen, O Gay,
I really have hit on a plan!"
Broad grew the King's smile when he'd listened awhile:
"Your reward shall be great, Crusty Man."

"A boon do we crave, Fairy Queen!" Very grave
And respectful begged Gay-Dog the King.
"To wile 'way this day, permit us to play
A new game with you all in a ring."

"With pipes and a pail of soap suds we'll not fail
To please you and truly amuse."
Then graciously: "Yes, there'll be no harm, I guess,"
Said the fairy Queen: "I'll not refuse."

Then Crusty he blew big bubbles that flew
Hither, thither, and danced 'fore their eyes.
While the fays in delight clapped their hands at the sight.
"'Tis truly a lovely surprise!"

But at dead of night, when in slumber bound tight,
The fairies had folded their wings,
The Dingbats began to perfect their plan;
With hearts beating wildly, poor things.

Then taking great trouble each blew him a bubble,
So big he could ride it with ease.
Then a puff and a blow and straight up they go,
Sailing off o'er the tops of the trees.

"The fairies can't fly, not nearly so high.
E'en tho' they discover our flight,
We'll be far, far away at the break of the day,"
Said the King. "We have no cause for fright."

"But never again—I make it quite plain—
If my palace I safely regain.
Will I follow a maid. I'd be too much afraid.
Contented I now must remain."

So onward they flew and, as daylight grew,
They could see their land looming afar.
And with laughter and cheers and some happy tears,
All echoed the King's: "Here we are

EVERY Studebaker automobile sold in Canada is built in the Studebaker Canadian factory at Walkerville, Ontario.

It is the product of a business built up from a roadside blacksmith shop, back in 1852, to the largest industry of its kind in the world.

The quality and dependability of Studebaker vehicles has not only been maintained throughout all these years but Studebaker, leading the way in the vehicle industry, has steadily improved its products.

The Series 18 Studebaker car is the best work of this great institution—it bears the same name and carries the same splendid reputation.

It is the result of over 65 years' experience in solving the world's transportation problems. It is, in fact, an evolution based on the concentrated study of over 300,000 Studebaker cars in the hands of owners

It embodies all the improvements and refinements suggested by this close study of so many thousands of cars in actual service, on the roads of nearly every civilized country.

The production of the Canadian factory is confined to Studebaker cars sold in Canada and overseas countries.

In this factory every detail of manufacture, inspection and routine of production are given the exhaustive attention characteristic of Canadian manufacturers.

Back of this Studebaker Canadian factory, one of the Dominion's largest industrial plants, is the vast Studebaker organization with combined assets of over $60,000,000, and great factories in Detroit, Mich., and South Bend, Ind

When you see the Serses'18 Studebaker car—after you ride in it and know what it can do on the road—you'll appreciate what an organization so great and extensive as Studebaker's, with such a wealth of experience, means in building a quality motor car.

Studebaker

Built in Studebaker Factories, Walkerville, Ont

WALKERVILLE, - ONTARIO

South Bend, Indiana. Detroit, Michigan.

GENUINE DIAMONDS
$1, $2, $3, Weekly

Save money on your Diamonds by buying from us. We are Diamond Importers

Terms—$1, $2 or $3 Weekly

We guarantee you every advantage in Price and Quality

Write to-day for Catalogue. It is free.

We send Diamonds to any part of Canada for inspection at our expense. Payments may be made Weekly or Monthly

JACOBS BROS., Diamond Importers,
18 TORONTO ARCADE, TORONTO, CANADA.

JAEGER
Is the Best for Children

Because it is healthy, soft, comfortable, durable, absorbs moisture and perspiration quickly, thus preventing colds. It is the only natural covering for the little one's body. For the children there is underwear, stockings, caps, coats, sweaters, night dresses, night shirts, pyjamas, slippers, dressing gowns, etc.

For sale at Jaeger Stores and Agencies throughout the Dominion.

A fully illustrated catalogue free on application.

DR. JAEGER Sanitary Woollen System CO. LIMITED
Toronto Montreal Winnipeg
British "founded 1883".

Less Waste with
DENNISTEEL
Shelving and Bins

IN a Dennis equipped stockroom, each section, shelf, bin or compartment is arranged to ensure efficient handling. No valuable time is wasted searching for lost or misplaced stock. Moreover, proper care is taken of the stock, preventing breakages, deterioration and loss. Let us send facts and figures full of interest for you.

THE DENNIS WIRE AND IRON WORKS CO. LIMITED
LONDON

Politics and Politicians

Continued from page 317.

A Good Race Coming

IT would be folly this far ahead to forecast the result of the election. The Conservatives have undoubtedly helped themselves by their franchise legislation, and the Liberals enter the race heavily handicapped. When parliament prorogued at Ottawa there was a general feeling that the result was a foregone conclusion. Away from Ottawa, however, I find the Liberal party neither dead nor buried.

In short the Conservative horse got away to a good start but it may be neck and neck when they come down the quarter stretch!

Fish—and The Facts

Continued from page 313.

One of the most acute situations to be dealt with was the extraordinary price of salmon on the Pacific coast. The price offered for common fish was being driven up in some cases as high as five times the normal price through the unrestricted competition of American buyers. The American interests had come into the Canadian market determined to find enough fish to keep their Chinese packers—who were under contract and would have to be paid for a certain number of cases whether packed or not—supplied. This problem has been handed over to a special committee which is negotiating with Hoover's American fish experts to try to overcome the difficulties and bring prices down once more. Two of Hoover's men made a special visit to Ottawa recently to discuss this question and the question of saving the red cod and other fish which are now being thrown away by the fishermen. Negotiations are still under way.

Just to show the intricacy of the problems which the Fish Committee (like the other Hanna committees) handles, take the question of producer's cost in a salmon cannery. All sorts of charges have been made against the packing concerns and all sorts of replies have been made on behalf of those concerns. One company, for example, brought out two modern steam trawlers from England worth many thousands of dollars each. Both were lost in the one gale before they had finished a season.

"Now how," demands the fishery manager, "Are you going to reckon that into our costs?"

Such are the complexities of this branch of business. Whether they can be readily solved or not remains to be seen. A chartered accountant has been sent to the Pacific coast by the Fish Committee to examine the books of the big companies. Upon his report much will depend as to whether prices in this case can be fixed or not.

If conditions in the fishing trade itself would remain as they have been in the past, the Fish Committee might at least be saved the trouble of finding new data on the situation. It would be much simpler, for example, to judge the price of fish if fishing conditions were the same. But to begin with, there are fewer fishermen, and crews are therefore scarce and pay necessarily higher. Men who would once have manned a dory are now fighting side by side in France, or standing their watch in the North sea. Thus the labor market is affected. In addition the cost of gear has risen almost 100 per cent. Some supplies, such as twine, are almost unobtainable. And the supply of fish in the American market, which to a large extent determines the amount left in Canada for Canadians, is lower on account of the reduction in the numbers of men available for the trade. Out of sixteen steam trawlers on the American Atlantic Coast ten have been taken for war service!

V.

Now to return to you and your wife and that 12 cent cod. It seems a great deal, especially when you consider that the fisherman gets only, say, 4½c. a pound (with the head removed from the cod.) But trace his fish "inland" and you will find two cents a pound added for handling, icing, boxing and the buyer's profit on the dock; 1-10th of a cent icing charge en route; and 1½ cents express charge to Toronto. The Toronto wholesaler's cost, including ½ cent per pound "shrinkage," was therefore 8 7-20th cents. He sells for, say, 10 cents, a "spread" of 1 13-20th cents to cover his other expenses and profit. The retailer selling at 12 cents has a margin of two cents to cover loss by trimming, ice, delivery expenses and profit.

You murmur: "I told you so! Look at all those middlemen: Profit! Profit! Profit!"

That is what the Fish Committee thought and yet when they came to investigate they found not one of these middlemen's *functions* in this particular line of trade could be dispensed with and that not one of them seemed to be making anything like an undue profit.

There may have been—there are—

too many middlemen in each department of distribution, but *someone* had, for example, to receive and handle the fish on the dock, and *someone* had to undertake the financing and distributing of the catch to the small dealer. These *functions* were and are essential.

Although the main programme of the Fish Committee is to develop fish production at strategic points all across Canada, the work is not to stop there. An attempt is being made to procure cheap but wholesome grades of fish for those who cannot afford the popular varieties. On the Pacific, for example, the fishermen are in the habit of throwing away the Red Cod that come aboard in their nets. This is an excellent food fish but not so well known or so popular as the other varieties. The Fish Committee proposes to work out some sort of a scheme to market these fish and thus induce the fishermen to land the entire catch. Then, on the reverse side of the question is the matter of re-stocking the fresh-water lakes and protecting the fish in the breeding season. A still more interesting suggestion that the Government operate or supply steam trawlers on the Atlantic is also under consideration

All of these problems, like the problems of an engineer, have to be considered together. The course of a river cannot be changed without due consideration to the rights of the people along its banks. There are the questions of bridging and shoring, daming and deepening. So with this one of Mr. Hanna's pieces of economic engineering. The whole fishing industry of Canada, from the line trawlers to the house-wife, must be and is being studied and skillfully reconstructed.

You will wake one morning to find the whole thing accomplished. Possibly then you will wonder why you had not watched the process as it pro- It *is* just possible that some little thing may happen—a rope might slip—something—and that if you were ?

[illegible] mitted before, pianos are more interesting. There is always that breathless chance of it falling.

Concluded on page 351.

Lord o' Land

[illegible] maybe these fluttering fires [illegible] newspaper fellows call 'writers of note and bee-lieve me they are some note."

[illegible] we hear the thanks [illegible] used the Bess of the [illegible] and in the Aurora, the [illegible] ngs we want to seem"

[illegible] all them in Cree. [illegible] to [illegible] Indian on the st[illegible]

Make It Your "War Bread"

You may not go to the trenches, but you will want to do your bit in preventing waste of the great food staples. You can do this by demanding a larger per cent. of whole wheat grain in bread and breakfast foods. The real "war bread" must contain the entire wheat grain—every particle of gluten and mineral salts that are so necessary to the well-balanced ration; also the outer bran coat that is so useful in keeping the bowels healthy and active.

Shredded Wheat Biscuit

is 100 per cent. whole wheat. It is therefore the real "war bread." The whole wheat grain is the most perfect food given to man. It contains every element the human body needs to build healthy tissue and furnish energy for the day's work.

Two or three of these crisp, brown loaves of Shredded Wheat with milk and sliced bananas, peaches, or other fruits, make a nourishing, strengthening, satisfying meal at a cost of a few cents.

MADE IN CANADA BY
THE CANADIAN SHREDDED WHEAT COMPANY LIMITED
Niagara Falls, Ontario. Toronto Office: 49 Wellington St. East

MODERN FIREPROOF

HOTEL LENOX

North Street at Delaware Ave.

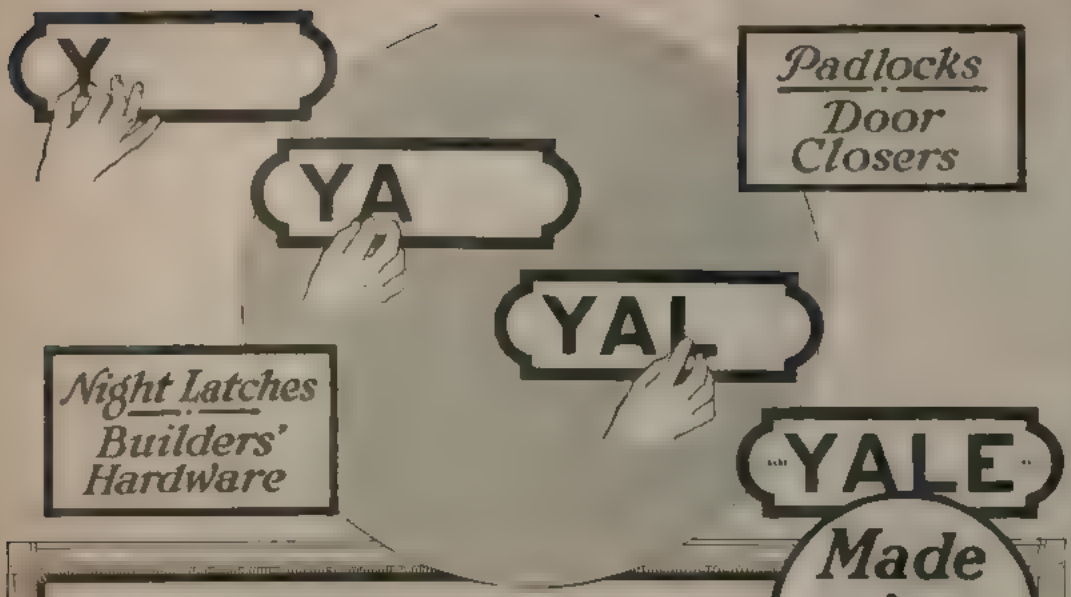
BUFFALO, N. Y.

A unique Hotel of 250 rooms with a most desirable location insuring quiet, convenience and cleanliness. Cuisine and service unexcelled by the leading hotels of the larger cities.

European Plan—$1.50 per Day and Up
Special Weekly Rates

Take Elmwood Avenue car to North Street, or write for Special Rail Arrangement. May we send with our compliments a "Guide of Buffalo and Niagara Falls," also our complete rates?

C. A. MINER, Managing Director.



Made in Canada

Yes, it is *important* to see the trade-mark "Yale" on the product

Seeing is believing. And you can only be sure that you are buying a genuine Yale product if you see that trade-mark "Yale" on it.

Look for that trade-mark "Yale" on night latches, padlocks, door closers and builders' hardware.

Yale products are made in Canada—and all genuine Yale products have the trade-mark "Yale" on them.

CANADIAN YALE & TOWNE LIMITED
ST. CATHARINES, ONTARIO

Earn Your Way Through College

Everybody Will Help You

Friends, relatives and acquaintances will all help you win through our FREE VOTING PLAN, but the biggest help of all you get from US.—A Great Magazine Club offer on easy payments—enough to say that probably never before has a publisher made it easier to secure the necessary funds for a college education by a plan that works out so surely and so AGREEABLY for YOU as this one does.

A college education for any young man or young woman is now recognized as a tremendous help to success in life

If you really want to secure an education that will be of value to you all your life, tell us what College, Conservatory or Technical School in any Province of Canada you wish to attend and we will tell you how you can realize your ambition without cost to yourself.

You can't loose—you can't help winning. Let us tell you about it anyway.

Canada Monthly Agency - Toronto, Ont.

gether'—that is what we say. Ahi! Ahi! but the Crees are the exact people!

"Babette, ma femme, she say it is the breath of Manitou on the looking-glass of the lake, [illegible]

"I am very laughing at Babette," says Marcel. "You tell me she say that, ehe? I am head-giddy 'bout all this talk. This is all big mistake. These are the fins of *Utikoomak*, the great white fish that lives in the sky. Sure!

"Once, White Blanket, who comes from the stone house at Churchill, he say these are the strings to keep the world from falling down. By dogs! his head is dried up inside, that White Blanket, and he is one raw fool."

"White fins in the sky, they mean cold weather; yellow fins, bad! bad! . . . . . then do hoary heads know love though they live more moons than three willow trees, then is he bad spoke of—*wapistikwan*, the white head—and he goes into the wrong tent. Heh! he is one devil like Mitchic Manitou, the evil-maker."

"Where do the Crees come from, Marcel," asks one of the men. "Who made them first?"

"Heh! no man made Cree. He unburied himself. Cree, he is the first man in all the world. *Moonsas*, the white man, he is an after-comer.

"This was long, long ago when Cree first came, and he was a bigly-looking man and straight like a measuring stick. And Cree, the father of them all, was proud in his heart before the favoring spirits.

"This was long, long ago, and Cree, he know the talk of all the birds and animals so that his pot was never empty of meat. Old Man Screech Owl show him where there were three big springs up-welling of honey, and milk and water.

"Then Cree, who is the father of them all, was yet more proud in his heart before the favoring spirits, and even before the great Manitou who lives in the sky tepee. Cree, he sa 'I, I,—am the great chief of these all. I am the big *Okimow*.'

". . . . . This was long, long ago and Manitou, he grew angry and say, 'What is the behaviour of my son? He is unsteady in conduct so that grief possesses my heart.'

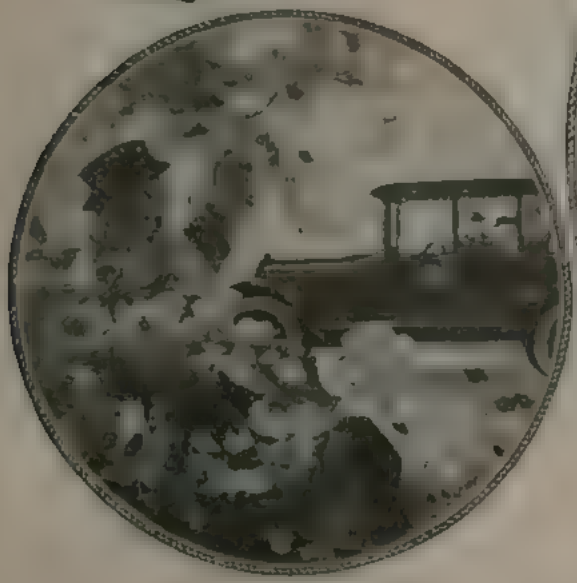
"Then Manitou came down from the sky at where the earth eats the sun, and walked along the ground this way, and this way, lak an old dog till he come to the great Cree. . . . . ."

"'How do?',said Manitou, lak he was a brother; 'How do. It blow exactly."

". . . . . Ha! Manitou he was wise lak wildcats and never let on who he is. He threads

Overland

Closed Cars



Light Four
Five Passenger
Touring Sedan

The Full Round of Seasons in Luxurious Comfort

FOR the winter? A closed car—by all

For the summer? An open car—most

The Overland Light Four Touring Sedan is both an open *and* closed car

And it is a smart appearing car either closed or open—in no sense a makeshift, either way.

Then there's the sol[illegible]nfort all winter long of a perfectly [illegible] with all

M[illegible]

See the Wil[illegible]s car for[illegible]

Willys-Overland, Limited

Willys-Knight and Overland Motor Cars and Light Commercial Wagons

Head Office and Works, West Toronto, Ont

Canada Monthly's School and College Directory

Branksome Hall
10 ELM AVENUE, ROSEDALE, TORONTO
A Residential and Day School for Girls
Hon. Principal— Principal—
MISS M. T. SCOTT MISS EDITH M. READ, M.A.
Preparation for the University and for Examinations in Music. Art and Domestic Science Departments. Thoroughly efficient staff. Large playing field for games—Tennis, Basket-ball, Rink. Healthful locality.
PRIMARY SCHOOL FOR DAY PUPILS.
For Prospectus apply to THE PRINCIPAL.

GLEN MAWR SPADINA AVE. TORONTO
A BOARDING AND DAY SCHOOL FOR GIRLS
PRINCIPAL - - MISS J. J. STUART
(Successor to Miss Veals)
Classical Tripos, Cambridge University, England
Large well ventilated house. Highly qualified staff of Canadian and European Teachers. Preparation if desired, for Matriculation Examinations. Outdoor games. New prospectus from Miss Stuart.

ONTARIO LADIES' COLLEGE
Academic courses from Preparatory Work to Junior Matriculation, Teachers' Certificates and First Year University. Music, Art, Oratory; Domestic Science; *Social Economics and Civics*. Commercial Work. Physical Training—gymnasium, swimming pool, systematized play.
Write for illustrated catalogue to
Rev. F. L. Farewell, B.A., Principal, Whitby.

DEPARTMENT OF THE NAVAL SERVICE.
ROYAL NAVAL COLLEGE OF CANADA.
ANNUAL examinations for entry of Naval Cadets into this College are held at the examination centres of the Civil Service Commission in May each year, successful candidates joining the College on or about the 1st August following the examination.
Applications for entry are received up to the 15th April by the Secretary, Civil Service Commission, Ottawa, from whom blank entry forms can be obtained.
Candidates for examination must have passed their fourteenth birthday, and not reached their sixteenth birthday, on the 1st July following the examination.
Further details can be obtained on application to G. J. Desbarats, C.M.G., Deputy Minister of the Naval Service, Department of the Naval Service, Ottawa.
G. J. DESBARATS
Deputy Minister of the Naval Service,
Department of the Naval Service,
Ottawa, March 12, 1917
Unauthorized publication of this advertisement will not be paid for.

STAMMERING
[illegible] permanently by scientific natural speech. Graduate pupil everywhere. Free advice and literature.
THE ARNOTT INSTITUTE
BERLIN, ONT. CANADA

Westminster College, Toronto
A RESIDENTIAL AND DAY SCHOOL FOR GIRLS
Situated opposite Queen's Park, Bloor Street, W.
Every Educational facility provided. Pupils prepared for Honour Matriculation. Music, Art and Physical Education have a School by an unfailing emphasis upon the moral as well as the intellectual, aims at the development of a true woman[illegible]
JOHN A. PATERSON, K.C., President.
For Calendar apply MRS. A. R. GREGORY, Principal.

ST. MARGARET'S COLLEGE
TORONTO
A Residential and Day School for Girls
Founded by the late George Dickson, M.A., former Principal of Upper Canada College, and Mrs. Dickson.
Academic Course from Preparatory to University Matriculation and First Year Work. Music, Art, Domestic Science. Physical Education, Cricket, Tennis, Basketball, Hockey, Swimming Bath. WRITE FOR PROSPECTUS.
Mrs. George Dickson, President. Miss J. E. MacDonald, B.A., Principal.

HAVERGAL LADIES' COLLEGE,
Main School 354 Jarvis Street.
Coverley House: 372 Jarvis Street.
The Hill School: 51 St. Clair Avenue, West.
Junior School (late Westbourne), 275 Bloor Street, West.
MISS KNOX, Principal, TORONTO.

I Want 50 School Boys on My Pay Roll
If you want to put your name on my list, write me at once, before some other boy beats you to this chance. Just a little work after school hours will bring you money to spend for a lot of nice things most boys enjoy. Send the letter to-day before you forget it!
R. G. TOBIN, Manager,
467 Mail Building,
TORONTO.

SELL YOUR WRITING Hundreds of newspapers and magazines want news, articles and stories [illegible] author. Write for [illegible] by Editor and learn how. PRESS REPORTING [illegible] 513 [illegible] Mo

Cree on a string, so that Cree laughs lak the loon, and mocks in his throat? And Cree say 'Ol' dog, Ol' dog, quit your barking. It is ver' cold and the wind he blow like seven evil spirits'.

"Then Manitou had wrathful thoughts and pressed upon the back of Cree, and pressed upon it, till almost it go crack in two.

'This was long, long ago, and forever men have a hollow in their back. This hollow is the knee of Manitou.

". . . . . And so this story which began well has ended evilly. If anyone believes this unlikely story is not true? I do not agree with him."

"Your logic is wonderful, Marcel, also your imagination," said the Boss surveyor, "I hope you know you are a great story-teller."

"Ah! Ah!' I know it well but I am not proud in my heart, and since I have told you these things about Cree I would not leave untold how, in this land, there is a hiding girl who answered to the voice of Cree. When he say, 'Oh, you! she make r'ply and say 'O-o-h-y-o-u' lak that. Cree he say, 'Come here,' and girl she say lak some words. It was my father's father told it to me.

"Then Cree he spoke to Wolf, and say 'My heart is unbowell'd for this tempter girl. Show me how to take her to my tepee. Because of my desire to her, my throat is lak the slough at the time of harvest-moon'.

"And Wolf, he say the girls live on the trail to No Land, and that she is a spirit, white lak the wind.

"'Ho liar! may flies eat out th. starving heart,' said Cree, 'a trail made by moccasins and cannot go to No Land'. Cree, he not know this road was made by feet that go down into the ground and up into the sky and by the feet of life to come. This the pathway of spirits and has no moccasin marks, and the grass grows not there, but Wolf he know.

"Now there was a great jumpin moose in this country and he coul jump a river without swimming so that no arrow could touch him. Moose, he say to Cree, 'Sit on my horns and I will take you to the spirit trail. Cree, he go with Moose for now the tempter maiden, she call first and not wait to make r'ply, so that Cree's love was held to her lak with iron nails.

[illegible] if ever you meet this spirit-woman she will tell you what I s[illegible] right and no lie."

[illegible]od's love! go ahead and finish the story, Marcel," commands one of his h[illegible]

[illegible]ten, Honorable men! There is no more to this story. That night Cree was never seen again, except that he was found with his head torn off, but the head was not there."

Lieutenant Trask's Stage Fright

Continued from page 329

himself to face the misery of those waiting eyes.

With that, a great light flashed on Trask. "Stage fright!" he cried aloud. "Stage fright!" he repeated. The sound of the words grew big within him. Not the nip of the bullet on his shoulder, not the dread of an exploding cylinder, not the lack of dogged courage in the face of danger, that primal need in a fighting man, had turned him sick with fear. He recalled again the times he had faced death bravely down to that unpublished feat in the belfry. He realized that he had faced it alone. The two occasions when he had weakened were upon the approach of an adversary he could not see. Now that he recognized his enemy, his trust in his manhood returned. He had no dread that he would fail in the future.. He possessed a just offence for the past, let Ruth and the others believe him or not Almost he started down among them, before his better judgment checked him. He would not intrude when he was not asked, but he would fight for his rights when his time came

The next morning, with his old dominant self-confidence replacing his hangdog look, Trask drew range diagrams on the tablecloth and insisted on discussing them with the man beside him. The mess was blankly amazed Trask, grinning as he saw it, appeared for the first time at tea. There he damned the stale butter in its red tin and calmly lectured the ordnance officer on shell weights. Whereupon the ice broke slightly, so that before the week was out he had won back a half-acknowledged acceptance.

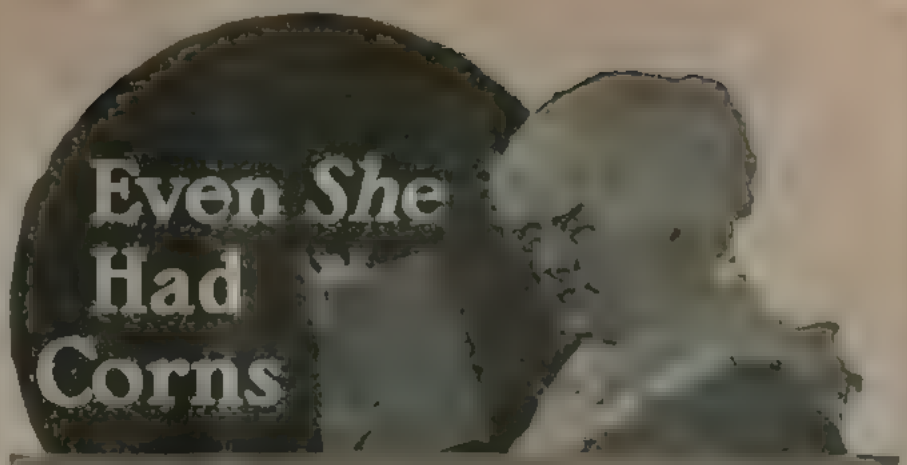
Meantime the flagship had taken its preliminary "standardization" trip down the target range off Cape Cruz The six pounders, nasty, useless pieces, had been "run-off" by the "blue bottle" marines, and the three-inch battery had concluded with an incident that brought Trask joy by showing him how an act of courage is valued above all else in the service

Passing along the port side of the main deck just as gun number four finished its "string" of shots, he had found a group clustered about an unconscious man at its breech

"What is it?" he had asked the gun captain at his elbow

"Holt was handling the empty cases sir," said the latter. "His gauntlets had worn thin in practice, so the hot metal burned through them and ran the melted resin into his hands. He stuck to his job till the last shot, though, sir."

Here the division officer, who had been watching the surgeon at his work, looked up.



Until a little while ago she thought them unavoidable. If you have corns don't blame yourself too much. Many an old person has had them fifty years.

YET they have done what you do—pared them and used old-time, useless treatments.

But what folly it is when nowadays about half the world keeps free.

The chemist who invented Blue-jay made corns forever needless.

Last year some 17 million corns were ended in this simple, easy way.

Just try one corn.

Apply a Blue-jay plaster in a jiffy. Then forget it. It will never pain again.

In two days take the plaster off. The corn will disappear. Only one corn in ten needs another application.

You will laugh at the old ways when you try Blue-jay. You will wonder why people ever let corns hurt. Please start tonight. You have suffered long enough.

BAUER & BLACK Limited Toronto, Canada Makers of Surgical Dressings, etc

Blue-jay

Stops Pain — Ends Corns

35c Packages at Druggists

Also Blue-jay Bunion Plasters

THE CANADIAN BANK OF COMMERCE

SIR EDMUND WALKER, C.V.O., LL.D D.C.L., President
H. V. F. JONES, Ass't Gen'l Manager
SIR JOHN AIRD General Manager
V. C. BROWN, Sup't of Central Western Branches

CAPITAL PAID UP, $15,000,000 RESERVE FUND, $13,500,000

BANKING SERVICE

This Bank provides every facility for the prompt and efficient transaction of all kinds of banking business.

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM

Big Game Hunting

Moose---Deer

The silent spots in The Highlands of Ontario are the haunts of Moose, Deer, Bear and other big game.

Hunt While You May

OPEN SEASONS:

Deer—Nov. 1st to Nov. 15th.
Moose—Nov. 1st to Nov. 15th.

In some of the Northern districts of Ontario, including Timagami the open season has been extended and is from **Nov. 1st to Nov. 30th.**

In that part of the Province of Ontario lying north of the Canadian Government Railway from the Quebec to the Manitoba boundary the open season for moose is from **Oct. 10th to Nov. 30th.**

Write to any agent of the Grand Trunk for illustrated literature, full particulars of game laws, etc., or to J. Quinlan, Bonaventure Station Station, Montreal, or C. E. Horning, Union Station, Toronto.

G. T. BELL,
Passenger Traffic Manager,
Montreal

W. B. COOKSON,
General Passenger Agent,
Montreal

"I don't give a damn if Holt is a 'boozer' or 'special fourth class.' He did a man's job and I'm going to make it right for him."

Though Trask caught the veiled slur, yet he nearly strangled with happiness. "Give me a chance like that," he thought. "Now I know. Now I can face anything. Now I can make 'em come down."

That night the wardroom sat in unusually sober thought. Trask noticed the fact.

"To-morrow our forward turret has to go through with it, Pasy," he said.

The paymaster pointed to the chronometer and the pictures that had been removed from the wall and laid on the sofa.

"The 'Massachusetts,' the 'Iowa,' the 'Kearsarge,' the 'Missouri,' the 'South Dakota'; to-morrow's the thirteenth of April, the day it hit the 'Kearsarge' and the 'Missouri'."

Trask nodded silently as he went to his room. During the three previous years he had commanded the forward twelve-inch guns, and knew only too well how nearly a flareback from one of them had brought death to the ship. Therefore more than to any of the others did the gloomy forecast of those past tragedies fall heavy upon him.

In consequence, early the following morning, Trask entered the turret precincts, damp with the smell of ether that rises from the smokeless powder in the magazine. There, as he expected, he found Casse, clad in dungarees, squirming under the gun trunnions, a hammer in one hand, a wrench in the other, busy with his final test of the bolts and the ring of the steel.

"I had these rifles last year. I want to put you wise to a dodge or two," Trask volunteered.

"We're getting on nicely as we are," Casse returned without looking up.

Trask felt the rebuff, but continued. "Half the 'gadgets' in this system aren't up to date. The Navy Yard people took them from the old 'Utah'."

"I know it."

"Well, now I'm going to tell you what I'll bet you don't know, 'cause we kept mum about it. After the next to the last shot the compressed-air valve failed to function. The breach plug opened all right and we could have sworn it tripped the valve latch. But it didn't. Of course that meant that the unburned gas wasn't blown out of the muzzle while the plug crawled out of the breech. So when the plug did swing clear, the gas caught fire and swept back on us and this turret gave a good imitation of a place maybe we'll all visit. If my hoist-man hadn't been so damn slow that those nice naked powder bags were still only half-way up the elevator shaft you wouldn't find me here trying to save your life."

"We're going on the range and we're pretty busy." Casse had a cold gleam in his eye.

"Knock me if you've a mind to," concluded Trask. "But when she starts shooting, open your ear for the roar of the air. And take it as from one who's been there to one who hasn't that what with the explosions, and your rifles slamming in and out of battery like dump carts on a dock, and the elevator and automatic rammer screeching like all possessed, and the training machinery giving an imitation of a sawmill, your job won't be any sinecure."

With that he ducked from sight. He had done his best. Yet the dread of what might come grew upon him from the moment the file of umpires swarmed up the sea-ladder till the primers whistled their tests, and the "powder pressure" shot wrenched the ship, filling the air with clouds of loosened soot and dried paint from the stacks.

Then the ordnance officer climbed the basketlike mast to his "fire-control" platform. The admiral and captain met upon the navigating bridge. Below on the signal bridge clustered the officers, cotton in their ears, binoculars in their hands. There Trask joined them, though he knew he was not wanted. And, in the silence which endured as the ship slipped toward the flag-topped buoys, he stationed himself where he could stare down at the breech of the guns through the hatch in the turret roof. His right hand, he noticed, clutched a piece of cotton waste. Where he had found it he could not remember. But the knowledge of why he had picked it up brought the sweat to his brow.

At last the red powder-flag broke at the foretop. The roar of the ship's whistle sounded "Commence firing." Then, after a moment of pallid silence, the starboard gun belowed its liquid wave of flame over the hissing water. Up into the blue the shell sailed as a baseball rises from the bat. Fairly it fell into the centre of the target as a ball falls into the centre fielder's fingers. And, while a geyser of water rose forty feet in the air, the shell, chugging onward toward the horizon as a train chugs from a station, ricochetted skyward.

Trask peered into the turret. He could see the heads of the men who bent forward to insert loading trays and primers. He could hear the rumble of the ammunition elevators as they rose to each gun breech from the handling room, that low trap into which the shells and powder are passed from the actual magazines. But in the whistle of the wind around him he lost the familiar roar of the gas-expelling air.

The port gun bobbed its muzzle up

and down. Then another hit was scored by the starboard rifle.

Before the officers a yellow, stifling flame column belched upward from the turret. For a moment each man stood like a stopped clock while two sailors, with their clothing ablaze, burst from the vomiting scuttle and leaped into the sea. At that Trask's thoughts returned with a jolt. The worst had happened, do what he could. The gas was known to be deadly to many who breathed it. Now was his time. With the half-choked screams of those below in his ears, he dropped from the bridge onto the turret. But he could not pass that shriveling gale. Even the top blistered his feet

"The hose! The fire hose!" he yelled.

The heavy nozzle hit him in the face. He turned the stream into the hell-pit Two men rose before him, blind with burned eyes, waving fingers scorched to the bone. Crying aloud in their agony they fell from the turret edge onto the deck. Trask cast down the hose, stuffed the cotton waste in his nostrils and mouth, and plunged through the scuttle

The maddening heat of that crucible puckered his flesh. The gas and smoke from the burning paint seared his eyes like acid. Yet swiftly he grasped a man-by the belt of primers around his waist and raised him toward the hatch, the burned lips murmuring "O God! O God!" Calmly, with bare hands, he reached to pat out the fire smoldering on the clothes of the motionless Casse Then, as the wreaths of sizzling vapor numbed his consciousness, his task became a bewildered rush with those who had followed, to empty the turret of the

minute to an eternity; while hot iron seared the flesh and curling gases rent the lungs

As coughing, blundering, swearing, the others lifted the last body through the hatch and blindly scrambled after it, Trask slipped backward against the gun trunnions and wondered at his labor, for he felt light as dust. True, the hatch appeared miles away. But he believed that he could easily float up to it. Instead, however, he fell on his face, his head hanging over the brink of the elevator shaft. Blood roared in his

convulsively.

Then as his lungs began to fill with comparatively poison-free air, his thoughts and his strength returned in some measure. By his forehead still smoldered the ammunition car from which the powder had blazed. Below the safety shutters, halfway down the shaft, usual stood open when they should have been closed. Still further down shone the lights of the handling room.

A scrap of rag, burning on the platform edge opposite him, dropped into the pit.

Trask's only apparent chance for his life before an explosion should rend the bows of the ship was to rush for the hatch and flee toward the stern. In a flash, however, he slid down the shaft to the handling room.

The rules have it that no more than one extra charge for each gun shall be passed at a time from the magazine But, as Trask expected, fully thirty bags lay exposed upon the deck while others had broken until the powder sprinkled the floor like thousands of yellow macaroni sticks

Then one stick caught fire from the moldering cloth and hissed a hideous blue-green glare.

"To blazes with me if that's the answer," he thought as he kicked it aside

Another grain blazed. He threw his body upon it. Despite the fire in his clothes he gurgled satisfaction.

"A coward, hey?"

Again a powder stick flared out near him. He grasped it in his hand. He felt no pain. The lust of war had clutched him.

Once more, and now beyond his reach, fire bubbled upward. It flickered toward the heap of powder bags so close to the heavy steel door which the fleeing crew had left open into the magazine. As Trask scrambled to his feet his eye caught sight of the wheel to the giant valve placed on the wall to flood the magazine and handling room in just such a crisis. He wrenched at it Yet, while the torrent roared upon him, he noticed a dark patch smoldering upon the cheesecloth of the nearest bag

The water might not be quick enough If the bags in the handling room should blaze it would not matter except to him. But if the powder within the magazine was fired it meant the death warrant of all his shipmates forward

He hurled himself at the door. It stood opening inward. His exhausted strength could not drag it shut

He dodged into the magazine behind He heaved with his shoulder. The ng into place as it moved, he felt he had sl his own doom. He would have taken the chance, if it had been only for himself, that the water would choke the fire. For he knew that once inside the magazine he could not open the door nor control the water; it would rise soon enough now

"They won't think to start the pumps in time," he gasped to himself

For a moment there was a choking silence. He placed his hand against the door. It was cool The powder had

outsells all other blue pencils combined Smooth-writing, long-wearing, gritless, quickly sharpened without wasting or breaking the lead. Popular everywhere because of its recognized quality. Also made in thirteen other colors—red, violet, light green green, light blue, medium blue orange, pink, purple complete satisfaction.

Some Users and Uses of Blaisdell Colored Pencils

Architects
Artists
Clergymen
Farmers—
Blaisdell Pencil Company

Why Don't You Go Back to the Farm?

WHY don't *you* answer the call that the Empire sends to the cities [illegible] Why don't *you* go back to the farm when [illegible] for you by the Canadian Pacific Railway?

[illegible] than is paid [illegible] the modern house [illegible] our first installment [illegible] on the country. With [illegible] and a small capital you [illegible] over for the rest of your life with greater prospects of final independence than are open to you in any other industry.

The end of the war may unsettle many industries—*must* unsettle some, but agriculture will go on as before. The world must be fed and Western Canada is the country which logically will develop most [illegible] Now is the time to [illegible] conditions. Grasp the opportunity [illegible] Canadian Pacific offers you to farm lands.

Heed the Call Now!

Own a Farm in Western Canada!

An immense area of the most fertile land in Western Canada for sale at low prices and on easy terms, ranging from $11 to $30 an acre for farm lands with ample rainfall—irrigated lands up to $50, and the government guarantees your land and water titles. During the second and third years no payment on principal required; regular principal payments begin in the fourth year and continue until the twentieth year. Interest at 6%. Privilege of paying in full at any time. To those complying with certain settlement conditions a substantial reduction of interest is made for the second and third years

$2,000 Loan in Improvements

We will lend you up to $2,000 in improvements in certain districts with no security other than the land itself. Particulars on request. Twenty years for repayment of loan, with interest at 6%

Many Farmers in 1916

sold their crops for more than the total cost of their land. You missed the opportunity then—will you miss it again? Find out how easy you may start on your own farm through the assistance of the Canadian Pacific Railway. Free literature and information on request

$1,000 Loan for Live Stock

To approved purchasers of land, in defined districts, after one year's occupation under certain conditions we advance cattle, sheep and hogs to farmers up to the value of $1,000, on a cash payment of 20%.

Ready-Made Farms for Sale

Farms which we have developed by providing house, barn, well and fencing and in some cases cultivation, for sale on special easy terms.

Free Booklets—Write

See for yourself the opportunities for independence and happiness that are yours in the great Canadian West. See for yourself how easy the Canadian Pacific Railway makes it for you to take advantage of these opportunities. Get all the particulars. Mail a post card for free literature. Don't delay. Act to-day. You have nothing to lose and everything to gain.

ALLAN CAMERON, General Sup't of Lands
Department of Natural Resources
922 First Street East, Calgary, Alberta — **CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY**

DOMINION EXPRESS
TRAVELLERS' CHEQUES

Every traveller should carry them. They identify you and protect you against loss. Ask our agents about them.

not blazed. His sacrifice had been useless.

Water trickled around his feet. It was grateful until it touched his burns. It was salt. He squirmed at the smart. In the darkness he chafed upon a copper powder can, his head against the ceiling. The tepid air nauseated him. He started to slip back. But already the water touched his raw ankles. He drew up his knees. Minutes passed. As if fingers were creeping upward tearing his flesh, the water rose about him. Inch by inch, burn after burn cried to his agony. Minute by minute the ether smell seemed to twist a cord tighter around his forehead till he felt his skull must crack. The water reached his neck. He noticed his head in the T made by the lower edge of the ceiling beam. The atmosphere became more dense, more deadly to breathe.

The water stopped. Trask's heart bounded. It could rise no farther against the air pressure. He gave the very core of his strength to hold his scattering thoughts. But his tortured flesh could no longer bear the touch of the salt, his racked lungs no longer fill. He fainted.

He caught the sound of the magazine door swinging on its hinges and of splashing water.

He heard some one say, "I told you he came down."

And some one else: "But who'd have thought ——"

Trask felt cool bandages upon his limbs. A revolving fan blew air across his face. He saw familiar colored pipes on the ceiling. He turned uneasily. Across the sick bay he noticed swathed forms lying in tiers of cots. A white-clad pharmacist, attracted by his movement, signaled the door.

A small hand passed over Trask's forehead. There was Ruth. He thought she smiled, or was she crying. The beat of his heart surged stronger.

"The ship is in Guantanamo and they will let me stay with you until you can be taken ashore," she said softly.

"The powder didn't fire, dear?" Trask asked in a bare whisper.

"No, boy, and daddy told me that in the next blue book you'll find your name in italics.

"I never was a coward. It was stage fright—like Tenney at the minstrel show. I won't have it any more, Ruth."

Her tiny hand lay very soft on his bandaged fingers.

Never attempt to judge of a person's greatness by a single great action of merit—it would be just as wise to judge of his inability to succeed by a single failure.

The Pedlar's Pack

Continued from page 306

came to Canada to sing by Royal Command for the Connaughts. The royal enthusiasm resulted in letters of introduction from their Royal Highnesses to many New York friends, and delightful and lucrative engagements to sing at the musical affairs for which the New York "Four Hundred" are famous.

Then came her accidental meeting with Modest Altschuler, who, on hearing her sing at a private musicale, exclaimed: "I do not know your charming name—but will you come on tour as soloist with the Russian Symphony [illegible]

—Perhaps! But if this young girl had not had the *pluck* to study all the contralto roles in a dozen oratorios, never knowing when, if ever, she would have the opportunity to sing them, this opportunity might just as well not have presented itself! (Think it over, ambitious singer-girls!) So the Canadian girl toured the country with the famous Russian Symphony Orchestra; and her glorious voice became so popular with the public, that she was re-engaged for the next season's tour.

Last summer 1916 Mrs. Morris was approached by the principals of a great women's college in the South, the M[illegible] Baldwin Seminary of Staunton, Virginia. They wanted an exponent of Mrs. Morris' method, who would prepare students for their musical degrees. So she sent Miss Macrae a long wire—and the burden of it was, "A year or so of teaching will make you more sure of your art—you must stoop to conquer!"

Brenda Macrae has gone back for her second year at the college. Students are travelling from all over the state of Virginia to study with her. She has forty-seven pupils—all she can manage—and a choral society of fifty voices, already famous throughout Virginia. She has not given up her concert work altogether. She gave various recitals in Richmond, (Virginia's capital), where she was entertained by the governor and his lady. During last Easter vacation, she sang with great success in Washington. This year she has great plans for her pupils—for it is to be her last year of teaching—then she will go back to concert and oratorio [illegible]

Brenda Macrae!

Today as I read and re-read the Collected Poems of Rupert Brooke, I thought of Keat's words

[illegible] the
[illegible] at his lips,
B[illegible]

As the old lady said in the story: "This reminds me of that, because it is [illegible]

DON'T PAINT YOUR SHOES

FEED THEM WITH

"NUGGET" Shoe Polish

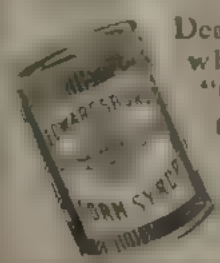
Nugget" does not put on a surface shine that disappears in an hour. "Nugget" feeds the leather, keeps your shoes soft, makes them waterproof and gives a brilliant shine that will last all day. Ask for "Nugget" at your dealer's.

Black, Tan, Toney Red and Dark Brown. 10c per tin

"TAKE CARE OF YOUR SHOES."

CROWN BRAND CORN SYRUP

will do more than satisfy children's craving for "something sweet" it will supply them with a wholesome food



Dealers everywhere have "Crown Syrup" in 2, 5, 10 and 20 pound tins and "Perfect Seal" Quart Jars.

Write for free Cook Book.

THE CANADA STARCH CO. LIMITED, MONTREAL

Knox Grape Juice Sponge

Soak 1 envelope of Knox Sparkling Gelatine in one cupful of cold water 5 minutes, then dissolve by over boiling water. Add gelatine when dissolved, one cupful granulated sugar, juice of one lemon, if you use the Knox Acidulated Package you need not add Lemon Flavoring to and there is enough juice of a lemon. Strain and when nearly cold stirring occasionally. When mixture begins to thicken beat with a wire spoon until frothy, add whites of 2 eggs that have been beaten to a very stiff froth. Turn into a mold first dipped in cold water and chill. Remove from mold and serve plain or with a custard sauce made from the yolks of the 2 eggs, or serve with whipped cream.

TO better appreciate the tang of luscious grapes combine their juice with

KNOX
SPARKLING
GELATINE

into a Grape Juice Sponge—then you will have created a dessert that looks and tastes so good that the most weary appetite will be satisfied.

This is one of our exquisite Desserts that even the after-thought of which "makes your mouth water."

Mrs. Charles B. Knox,
President.

FREE Recipe Book

containing recipes for Desserts, Salads, Puddings, Ices and Candies sent free for your grocer's name. If you have never used Knox Gelatine, enclose 4c in stamps for enough to make a Dessert or Salad,

CHAS. B. KNOX GELATINE CO. Inc.
Dept. E, 180 St. Paul St., W., Montreal, Can.

for Swellings

Thousands have used this efficient liniment with remarkably good results.

Absorbine, Jr.
THE ANTISEPTIC LINIMENT

is healing, cooling, soothing and invigorating.

When rubbed into the skin, it is quickly taken up by the pores, the circulation is stimulated, parts is stimulated and healing hastened.

$1.00 a bottle. Trial bottle postpaid.

W. F. YOUNG, P. D. F.
312 Lymans Bldg., Montreal, Can.

It must indeed be "a great adventure" to pass through God's Gate to Life, where all things are understood, to the knowledge that in this little bit of life on earth, one has created beauty that *cannot* die, joy that is never done—that will be the same inspiration to humans, to-day, and a hundred-hundred to-morrows!

English literature is richer in possessing the books of Rupert Brooke, the English soldier whose poems are as beautiful as his life, as inspiring as his death.

His familiars all write of the poet as a "beautiful boy." He *was* a boy in years, and adventurous spirit—physically beautiful as only a lithe, vital young Adonis can be. There was something graceful and glowing—beautiful indeed—in his expression in verse; were his mood whimsical, passionate, tender, or heroic Spiritually. When your Pedlar opened the pack to-day, and took out the precious book, the sky grew bluer, the leaves a more tender green, the song of the birds seemed suddenly sweeter, and the white, pink-tipped clouds, floating high above, seemed no longer out of reach. They were a part of God's Creation: so was I: so was Rupert Brooke, his spirit brooding over the little wood, just like the pink-tipped clouds, in that Heaven of Blue.

You remember, in "The Blue Bird," the woman who had died, said something like this to the children: "So long as you think of us, we are not dead—we live in your thoughts." Rupert Brooke will live in the thoughts—and in the hearts—of Englishmen and women; but I like to think of his being immortal in another sense, too—living [illegible] where he has gone with all the other brave men who dared the unknown thing called "death" for partiotism's sake; who

"Proud, clear-eyed, and laughing, go to greet
Death as a friend."

But, knowing that he must die, he expressed no desire for the immortality that we believe is his. His passionate love for England was uppermost in his poem, "The Soldier:"

"If I should die, think only this of me
That there's some corner of a foreign field
That is forever England. There shall be
In that rich earth a richer dust concealed.
A dust whom England bore, shaped, [illegible] aware,
Gave, once, her flowers to love, her ways to roam,
A body of England's, breathing English air,
Washed by the rivers, Blest by suns of home.

And think, this heart, all evil shed away,
A pulse in the eternal mind, no less
Gives somewhere back, the thoughts by England given;
And laughter, learnt of friends; and [illegible]
In hearts at peace, under an English heaven."

—RAGGS.

The Case at Evelyn Grange

Continued from page 321

pressure he was under. Let's go to the gun room; the fire is lit there, and nobody will be down for an hour. By the way, I told Charlie I wanted your advice about Tiddeldywinks' shoulder, and the news from the stable; so give me a line of pony flip at table. Now, listen. Take that chair; it's comfortable. First of all, I don't need to say that you're the only person in the world I'd trust with this. I didn't call you in because you happened to be the nearest doctor."

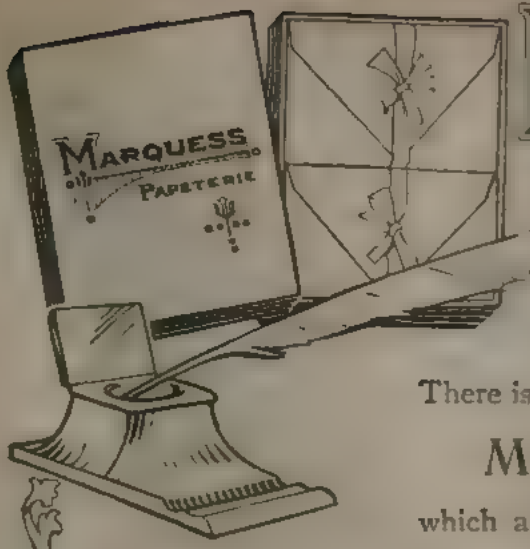
"Good gird," said Stacy. "I'm your man Friday. Out with it."

Alice suddenly fell silent, leaning forward, elbow on knee, and chin in hand.

"And ?" he suggested.

"One of Patty's macaws, that rainbow live theater hat, by the door yonder, got away this morning. I'd been watching them doing turns on their rings. They really are most picturesque gymnasts. Then Mr. Joseph's Coat breaks the chain on his foot, and, whoop la! out of the door, which had been standing open to let the smoke out of the hall. Of course, I flew out, and a great chase we made of it. Snapshotted by the reporters in full cry. One of the gardeners saw us, dropped his rake, and joined the hunt. That wretched bird set us some stiff country, too. I don't care for hurdling on my own legs, and as for brush work—the gardener and I burrowed into hedges and rose bushes, and every time we thought we had the beast, off he'd go again. At last he flopped up against the house and hung for dear life to the ivy, right under Nellie Gaynor's window—the end window in the guest wing. I coaxed and threw pebbles at it, but there it hung. Its feet had become entangled, and we couldn't reach it nor dislodge it. So the gardener went for a ladder. We put it up and I offered to go up, because the silly cuss bird is used to me, though you wouldn't have noticed it to see it give me the chase. The gardener wasn't keen to get his fingers nipped. So 'ladies first' and up I go. The feather duster squawked and struggled, but couldn't get loose. I got hold of it with one hand and started to dislodge his claws with the other when I nearly lost my balance and fell off. There right under my hand, tied to a wire hung a flat red leather bag. My pet had given it a first class clawing. I saw just one thing. Mrs. Lawton's ruby pendant. I [illegible] yowling pet of mine!

Did he bite you?' the gardener



MARQUESS
Papeteries

There is a distinctive tone about
Marquess Papeteries
which appeals to the woman of refinement.
The paper is of the finest quality and the envelopes have
an exclusive appearance which conveys a pleasing impression
Supplied in white only.
Ask your stationer for a box.

Brantford. Winnipeg. Barber-Ellis Limited. Toronto. Canada. Calgary. Vancouver.

asked me. Lucky he did, for it saved me from making a prize blunder.

"'Yes,' I said. 'Go to Lizzie, or somebody, and bring me a couple of pieces of sugar and a towel to cover his head. He can't get loose; his foot is caught.'

Gardener went off on a run, and in a jiffy I had that bag stuffed inside my shirtwaist. I tugged the wire and [illegible] within reach [illegible] The man came back and I [illegible] just [illegible] him. I knew that would keep him busy. He never [illegible] I [illegible] the meadow. He was as afraid of it as of dynamite. I kept behind him, and rang for the butler when we reached the hall. I started for the stairs and [illegible] ring. Jerry [illegible] I [illegible] Jerry [illegible] at his next jump. I locked myself in and looked at the haul. It's all there. I've got them now, hidden up the chimney, and I'm so afraid some one will happen on them that I'm green."

"Why don't you give them to Cass, or the Lawdon?" Stacy interrupted.

Because," said Alice slowly, "there isn't [illegible] there be in his or hers, as to who took them. And I want to get that stuff [illegible] can guess who was responsible."

"The maid?"

Alice gave him a queer look. "Have you heard what happened this morning?" He shook his head. "Mrs. Gaynor shot herself — by — er — accident.'

"What!"

"Here in the gun room; right there behind you, in fact, with Cass's revolver from the top of that rack."

Stacy turned with a start as if he expected to see the tragedy instantly re-enacted.

"She developed brain fever."

"I'd heard that," he said quickly.

"Yes, but she was sane then. I saw her. I was 'way down the line there; Cass was over in the drawing-room. I saw her run across the room, hesitate, and turn in here. She looked in there," she jerked an indicative thumb over her shoulder, "threw up her hands, and —and then—bingo! It's a miracle she didn't succeed."

"But what made her? Who was in the den?"

"Wendham and Adele. He'd brought the girl down to explain the mechanism of some apparatus he wanted her to use on Nellie. That's what Lizzie told me. She was left to watch Mrs. Gaynor when they went; only Patty rang. So off she goes, and Nellie has a flash of intuition, and gets out——"

"But what the deuce are you driving at?" Stacy looked the girl straight in the eyes. She met his gaze keenly.

"Nellie thought Wendham was getting the truth out of Adele, that's what; and she thought the game was up."

"Good heavens! you don't believe that! Why——"

"Yes, I do. It's been one thing and another thing, and two and two till I can't help it. It's just up to this. Nellie, sweet old Nellie—yes, and I love her better than a sister. But I don't believe the races is where she's got the money she's scattered around these last few years."

"Alice," he said slowly, "you're either a genius or a——"

"I'm neither, thank you," she interrupted. "But how in the world can I get it back to the Lawdon and incriminate no one? Suppose it's 'mysteriously returned' in the house. To the day of our deaths every one of us will be suspected. It's got to come from the outside, and somebody's got to take it out——"

"And that person's yours truly, I suppose." Stacy finished her sentence.

"Be a brick," she begged. "I've busted my head to think it out. Perhaps you can plan better."

Stacy was silent. "Do you think Wendham knows?" he asked at length.

She shook her head. "No, or else he's an actor in a million. Besides, he's in love with her. You couldn't convince him with a meat ax. If she lives [illegible] he'll marry her. What? Did you

SEE THE CANADIAN NORTHERN
ROCKIES

EN ROUTE TO THE PACIFIC COAST

By the Natural Wonders of Jasper Park and Mount Robson, Monarch of the Range.

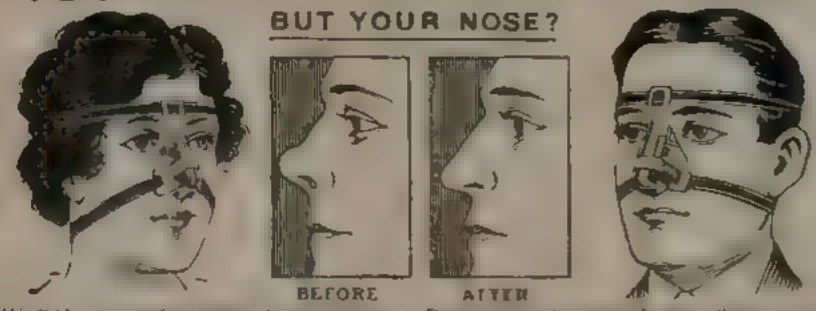
You will be Amply Repaid

Convenient Train Service. *Summer Tourist Fares*

For through tickets, information and our handsome Mountain Booklet, apply to nearest C. N. R. Agent, or General Passenger Department, Montreal, Que., Toronto, Ont. and Winnipeg, Man.

CANADIAN NORTHERN RAILWAY

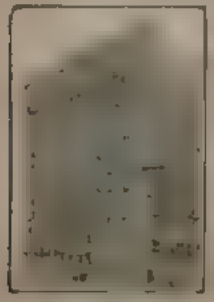
YOU HAVE A BEAUTIFUL FACE
BUT YOUR NOSE?



IN THIS DAY [illegible] the most out of life [illegible] satisfaction whic[illegible] you will find the [illegible] if not wholly [illegible] 'look your best' at a[illegible]

Write today for free booklet which tells you how to correct ill-shaped noses without cost if not satisfactory.

M. TRILETY, Face Specialist 576 Acherman Building, Binghamton, N.Y.



HOTEL RADISSON
MINNEAPOLIS

Offers a cordial welcome and courteous service to all.

RATES

Rooms with Running Water - - $1.50 per day
Rooms with Toilet and Running Water $2.00 per day
Rooms with Bath and Toilet - - -
- - $2.50, $3.00, $3.50, $4.00 per day

think I'd go to him with my find? Not much!"

"How the devil will you get the things to me [illegible]" seriously. "The burden is on you now, thank goodness!" She made a gesture of lavish bestowal.

"You're very good." He fumed. "I wish I could take all of your burdens, Alice. It's a bore I'm such a non-eligible, isn't it?"

"You bet," she agreed cordially, "but I'm not exactly a pauper, you know."

"Wait a bit. If Alvord ——"

"I wouldn't be half bad in the horse business myself," she ventured.

"That's it—I have it!" he exclaimed cheerfully. "The ponies will save us all yet, see if they don't. I'm to look your Gee over. You said that's what you told Cass, isn't it? Well, when you do, it will be just before I start—see? Give me the stuff. It will be a cold day if we can't find a good excuse to keep the grooms busy. I've got my slicker; you put on a what-you-may-callum-cape—transfer—and may God have mercy upon my soul!"

"There, I knew it'd be all right if I got you into it." She smiled calmly. "You're a great comfort, Stacy. I feel already as if I didn't have jewels to burn in my fireplace."

"Who's to find the—er—swag?" asked Stacy dreamily, after a moment's pause.

"How in the world should I know? I'm not the seventh daughter of a seventh daughter."

Stacy turned clear and laughing eyes upon her. "My dear, kind, Christian friend, you don't intend to let Provy look after the whole matter, do you? What's to prevent some vagabond or other happening upon the spoil, if you casually drop it; or suppose it falls into the hands of a detective, and he thinks no one knows and the thief doesn't dare make a roar? What's the few thousands of reward against the whole cheese? Don't you see that some one vitally interested must know, must be advised that the 'Skirling Harpie's' decorations are on the rebound?"

"That's a fact," exclaimed Alice, "and we can't write a thing, can we?"

"We can cut words from a newspaper and paste them, and produce a perfectly non-committal communication."

The girl was on her feet at once. Crossing quickly to the den she drew from a wood box a back numbered newspaper and from the desk a long pair of clipping shears. Returning, she sat down on the arm of a chair.

"Sit down here, Joe," she commanded and they opened the newspaper and scanned the headlines for words to form their mysterious message. Now, here

Putting up meadow hay in the Nechako Valley

Stock thrives on the rich grasses in the Nechako Valley

Farming Opportunities in British Columbia

Come to the Rich, Sunny, Mild

NECHAKO VALLEY

on the Main Line of the Grand Trunk Pacific

Let this Board of Trade, which has nothing to sell give you reliable, free information

LEARN about the wonderful opportunities for farming and stock raising in the fertile Nechako Valley, the largest and richest connected area of agricultural land in British Columbia. Fertile soil. Mild, bracing climate. The best mixed farming country in Western Canada. On the main line of a transcontinental railroad. Near good, growing towns. Near schools and churches.

Government Department of Lands says: "The Valley of the Nechako comprises one of the finest areas of land in British Columbia." Dr. Dawson, the well-known Government expert and investigator, says, "The Nechako Valley is the largest connected area of lands susceptible to cultivation in the whole Province of British Columbia."

Here is independence and health calling to you! The Nechako Valley needs settlers. In our own immediate neighborhood are many thousands of acres of good, fertile, well located land which you can buy at a very low price.

This Board of Trade does not deal in land nor anything else. It only wants to bring you and the land together. The land is here, waiting for you. It will bring you big harvests every year and keep on swelling your bank balance.

Let this disinterested Board of Trade advise you about the farming and stock raising opportunities in this rich Valley. Tell us how much land you want, what experience you have had in farming, approximately what you are prepared to pay for the land and what resources you have to put it under crop. YOU DO NOT OBLIGATE YOURSELF IN ANY WAY AND THE INFORMATION WILL BE KEPT CONFIDENTIAL. We will advise you honestly, frankly, whether there is an opportunity for you here and if so, where and why. We will bring you and the land together.

If you have slaved in a more rigorous winter climate, away from neighbors, away from green trees and clear, running water, come to the Nechako Valley and enjoy life and prosperity.

Write to-day. Investigate AT ANY RATE. You owe that to yourself and your family. There is no obligation on your part and OUR SERVICE IS FREE.

Fill out, clip and mail this coupon

C. M. OCTOBER

BOARD OF TRADE OF VANDERHOOF
(INCORPORATED)
VANDERHOOF, BRITISH COLUMBIA.

I wish to get a farm of.....acres for

.....

at about $.....per acre. My resources are about $..... This coupon does not obligate me in any way.

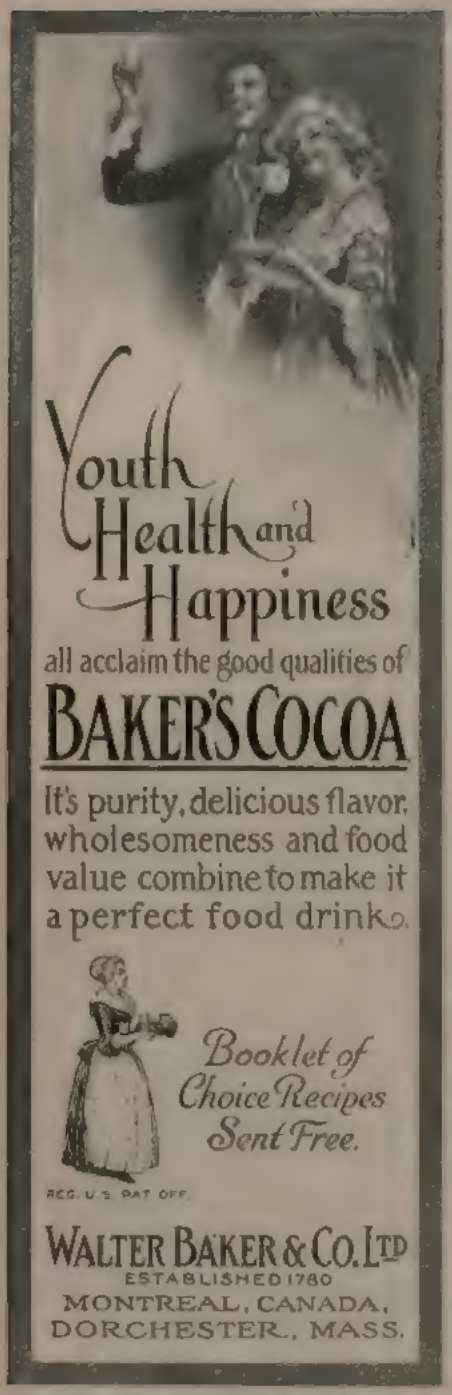
Name.....

Address.....

There are several good business openings for progressive men and women in this fast growing town. If you are interested write to-day. Remember this Board of Trade has nothing to sell you.

Board of Trade of Vanderhoof
(Incorporated)
VANDERHOOF
BRITISH COLUMBIA
"The Dominating Centre of the Nechako Valley."

We have nothing to sell.


Youth Health and Happiness
all acclaim the good qualities of
BAKER'S COCOA
It's purity, delicious flavor, wholesomeness and food value combine to make it a perfect food drink.
Booklet of Choice Recipes Sent Free.
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
WALTER BAKER & CO. LTD
ESTABLISHED 1780
MONTREAL, CANADA,
DORCHESTER, MASS.

BOYS! PLAY BALL!

If you want a complete baseball outfit write me at once.

R. G. TOBIN, Manager, 121 Mail Building TORONTO, ONT.

goes! Look at this one—'Innocent Man Executed.' Cut out the 'innocent man'—that's what happens often enough; and here in the text, 'accused.' Look! 'Innocent man accused'—that's a start. Cut out the 'plunder' from 'Plunderbund'—there under that caricature—we'll want that plunder. Take the 'return' from Mme. Melba's arrival. But where will you put the stuff? You mustn't stop to bury, or anything like that; some place where you can sling it quick and not be suspected even if some one saw you—a plain sight sort of place."

"Suppose I fire it under the culvert by the motor entrance. There's water enough in the brook to cover the package, and it's too heavy to wash down, I suppose. Nobody'd look for it there unless they were told."

"Right, O!" said Alice, beginning once more to diligently search the paragraphs. "Here's 'motor' from the ads., and 'Park' from the land boom speculators. We ought to get 'entrance' from the theatrical column. There 'in,' that's easy, 'water'—that's a poser. Oh, here's somebody 'who couldn't brook delays'; that's Providence for you. Now for 'under.'"

"Look in the political news. There's always some one 'under suspicion.'"

"Joe! you're a jewel yourself. Mind you don't fall under the bridge." The scissors snipped vigorously for a moment. "'Culvert,' we'll never find that. 'Bridge'?—the social column; some one must be giving a blowout."

"Or the dental ads.," suggested Stacy.

The shears bit sharply into the now perforated sheet. "No. I'm going to take that bridge right out of the beauty doctor's nose notice. Now we have it—look!" She spread the clipped words upon her palm. "'Innocent man accused, return Plunder, Motor Park entrance, in b-ook under bridge.' There, we have it. Now cut a 'to all whom it may concern' from the legal stripe, and a headline about 'Robbery at Evelyn Grange' from a recent paper—that for directions—do you see?—to take the recipient's eye. Wish I could think of the best eye."

Stacy picked up the remains of the papers and flung them upon the blazing logs, where they blazed for a moment and, turning to black cinders, floated upward in the current of the draught.

Alice leaned forward. "You ought to know the metal of these local people pretty well. What sort of a reputation does our hayseed sheriff wear?"

"He's a perfectly honest fool."

"There's your man," cried Alice triumphantly, "and it would do my heart good to see him cull the rewards over the heads of those spavined, wall-eyed, ring-boned detectives. I hate the sight of them, and I wouldn't trust one around the corner with a plugged nickel. Can you reach him?—the sheriff, I mean."

"Shouldn't wonder," he smiled. "His beat isn't a very long one. Slap those words on a piece of paper—a noncommittal piece; tear the margin from another paper. Where can you get one?"

"In there. No, don't come; stay where you are, to see if anyone comes." She darted into the den, mutilated another news sheet, and, turning up the electric reading lamp, hastily dabbed the paste brush into a jar and anointed the scrap. A moment later the words were neatly arranged, and presented a startling appearance—everything from scare type to italics. But the information conveyed was clear. Blotting and folding the slip, the somewhat vague and general address was added, and Alice, extinguishing the light, returned beaming to the gun-room fireside. "All's well that ends well," she exclaimed, "and you shall have a cocktail right now, and I'll make it myself."

Joe Stacy's presence saved the dinner that night from positive gloom. Wendham's face was careworn; Mrs. Lawdon, who appeared in a "creation" befitting an embassy ball, insisted, in spite of her husband's efforts to switch the subject, upon discussing the robbery and the latest detective reports—they were encouraging. Dawson had been traced to Newark, and an arrest was expected at any moment. Alice sparkled. Always handsome in her keen, slim-limbed, boyish way, she developed real beauty under the influence of Stacy's presence and the excitement of their venture. Evelyn watched them benignly.

"Nice chap, Joe Stacy. Pity—well, why not after all? Alice's tastes, exclusive of horses, are inexpensive, and besides, she has her own little income. Suppose the boy's too proud; must fix that somehow." For the first time in many dreary days a gleam of pleasure pierced Evelyn's thoughts. "You're not going to ride home to-night, Stacy," he announced cordially. "I won't hear of it. It's a beast of a storm, and it's all nonesnse. We'll put you up."

"Thanks, I can't, Mr. Evelyn. I'm up to the eyes, and I've got to be out with the dawn to-morrow. Miss Rawlins wants me to look at Tiddledywinks' shoulder after dinner, and then I'll paddle along. The storm's nothing. It's about blown itself out now."

In vain the host entreated. His guest would not stay. A few moments after the company had arisen from the table, Alice excused herself.

"I'm going up for my boots and a cape, Joe," she called.

"All right. Good night. I'll see

you all again soon. Thank you, Mrs. Evelyn. Oh, my slicker is outside; don't bother. Good night again." Stacy bowed himself from the room, donned his storm raiment, and a moment later Alice, bundled to the eyes, joined him in the hall. Together they made their way across the gardens. "Hand it over," he said softly.

"Not now. Wait."

The groom on watch turned on the electric switch, flooding the stables with a noonday glare. The horses in their box stalls, adorned with their names in gold letters, whinnied and stamped gently.

Alice led the way down the matted and speckless aisle and sniffed happily the clean odors of spar varnish and hay. "Here's Tiddledywinks," she announced, lifting the latch and sliding back the door. A velvet nose was thrust into her hand as the hunter snickered his delight.

"Do you see how he favors that foot?" she said.

A few pinches and a knowing rub appeared to satisfy the connoisseur. "Little strain, that's all." He rose and turned to the groom behind him. "Williams, bring me a bandage. I'll put him up myself. Be saddling my horse while I'm doing it, will you?" The groom touched his cap and walked rapidly away. "Now!" he whispered.

Sound limbed, gentle eyed, and discreet, Tiddeldywinks was the only witness to the transfer.

(To be concluded).

Fish—and The Facts

Continued from page 337.

which of course is not the case with the Fish Committee and *it's* piano.

Footnote.

For the Fish problem Mr. Hanna appointed Frank Beer, R. Y. Eaton and F. S. Wiley, of Port Arthur. Beer is known as a student of public questions. He was the man who tested out the workingman's housing scheme in Toronto. At another time he was a member of an Ontario Commission to study labor conditions—and in that capacity made certain practical and useful suggestions which have since been carried into effect. R. Y. Eaton is not the least part of the directing genuis of one of the greatest retail organizations in the world—a keen, practical man with public spirit and a faculty for grasping large problems and stating them simply. F. D. Wiley is a quiet but shrewd man from Port Arthur, with many years practical experience in the steamship trade. Mr. Beer is chairman and a young Nova Scotian sea captain and fisherman, Captain F. W. Wallace, is Secretary.

The One Lone Package

On the Pantry Shelf Shows a Wrong Idea of Puffed Wheat

Some people treat Puffed Grains as tidbits, to be served on rare occasions. These bubble grains, flavory and flaky, seem like food confections. As some folks say, "They seem too good to eat."

That is a wrong conception. Puffed Wheat and Rice, above all else, are scientific foods.

They are whole grains, rich in minerals and vitamines. They supply what flour foods lack.

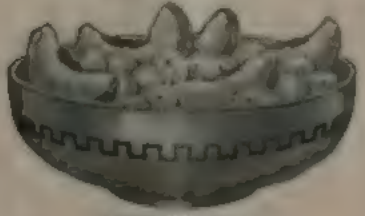
And they are fitted, like no other grain foods, for easy, complete digestion. Every food cell is exploded, so digestion can instantly act. And the whole grain feeds.

Their easy digestion makes them perfect between-meal foods, or good-night foods, or luncheon foods. Everybody revels in them. Keep plenty on hand, and both kinds, so children can have all they want of them. At odd hours or at mealtime, they are the best foods one can eat.

Puffed Wheat	Puffed Rice

Both 15c Except in Far West

Serve in the morning with sugar and cream, or mixed with any fruit. For luncheon or supper, float in bowls of milk. Use as wafers in soup, as nut-like garnish for ice cream. Douse with melted butter, like peanuts or popcorn, for an after-school delight. They are as welcome as confections, and far better for the child.



Mix With Fruit

Use Like Nut Meats

The Quaker Oats Company

Peterborough, Canada SOLE MAKERS Saskatoon, Canada

(1088)

CANADA

Pay Will Be The Same

Men selected under the Military Service Act will receive the same pay as those now on active service receive. Pay will start from the time a man reports for duty. Money from the Patriotic Fund and Separation Allowance will also be available for selected men.

Canadian soldiers are well paid. The fact that wages in Canada are generally higher than those paid in Europe is recognized in the system of remuneration for men on active service. Clothing and all equipment in addition to food is also supplied to the Canadian soldier, leaving him with no expense except personal incidentals.

The rate of pay for men in the Canadian Expeditionary Force, other than commissioned officers, is as follows:

	Pay	Allowance
Warrant Officers	$2.00	30 cts.
Regimental Sergt.-Major, if not a Warrant Officer	1.85	20 "
Quartermaster-Sergeants	1.80	20 "
Orderly Room Clerks	1.50	20 "
Orderly Room Sergeants	1.50	20 "
Pay Sergeants	1.50	20 "
Squad., Batt., or Co. Sergt-Major	1.60	20 "
Colour-Sergeant or Staff-Sergeant	1.60	20 "
Squad., Batt., or Co. Q.M.S.	1.50	20 "
Sergeants	1.35	15 "
Lance-Sergeants	1.15	15 "
Corporals	1.10	10 "
Lance-Corporals	1.05	10 "
Bombardiers, or Second Corporals	1.05	10 "
Trumpeters, Buglers, and Drummers,	1.00	10 "
Privates, Gunners, Drivers	1.00	10 "
Sappers, Batmen, etc.	1.00	10 "

As in the case of those already gone overseas, Separation Allowances will be available for those dependent for livelihood upon selected men. The Separation Allowance is $20.00 per month for the rank and file, $25.00 for sergeants and staff-sergeants and $30.00 for warrant officers. The experience is that many men can afford to assign half their pay to dependents, in addition.

A considerable number of men who have enlisted in the Canadian forces have found themselves better off under the army rate of pay, which is granted in addition to board, lodging, clothing, equipment, transportation, etc., than they were while in civillian positions. Their wants are provided for, and they receive a steady addition to the bank account each month.

Issued by The Military Service Committee.